



VOL. LIII. No. 5
New Series

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

DECEMBER, 1924



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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, *President*

JOHN C. CHAPPLE, *Vice-President*

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, *Treasurer*

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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The Tapestry Weaver

Margaret Talbott Stevens



BEFORE his loom, with many
a golden thread
At his command, sat Kor, with bowed
down head—
Aye, he, the master, known throughout the land
As king of weavers; he of skillful hand
And smiling countenance, who loved his art,
Now sat with strange forebodings in his heart.

T'was by command, by Herod's own decree
That Kor now sought to weave his tapestry,
Some new design that eye had never seen,
That ne'er had graced the halls of king or queen.
And Kor had toiled for many days to gain
The coveted design—but all in vain.

Night came, and still he sat, his thread in hand,
In silent thought. Tomorrow through the land
Would come the envoys for the tapestry
That Kor had failed to make. Then all would
see.

And woe to him whose work had been in vain—
Tomorrow's eve might find the worker slain.

When lo, came through the darkness loud and clear
The sound of shouting voices to his ear!
Kor listened for a moment, then arose,
Quick seized his sword, prepared to meet his foes.
Then to his door three shepherds from the field
Came running. Kor put back his sword and shield.

"Come with us, Kor," they cried, who knew him
well,
"Come with us! We've a wondrous tale to tell!"
"I may not," answered Kor, with shaking head,
"For yet I have no pattern for my thread."
The Shepherds cried, "But here's a greater thing—
Yon star, they say, leads to a new born King!"

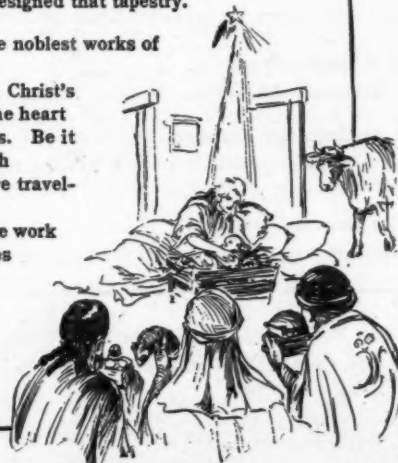
"Lead on," commanded Kor, "perhaps there'll be
Some inspiration for my tapestry.
What matter though tomorrow's close may bring
My death, if I but see the Infant King?"
Then followed Kor and ran with them until
The Star burned brightly o'er a lonely hill.

Here stood the stable of an ancient inn
With open doors to welcome strangers in.
There, with sensations heretofore unknown,
Kor knelt and worshipped at the manger throne.
And as he knelt there came a vision clear—
To weave his pattern from the picture here.

Straight home he hastened, seized his golden skeins,
Began to weave, and lo, appeared the stains
Of unknown dyes! Designs he'd never seen
Grew 'neath his fingers; pictures of a Queen,
Her First Born, Shepherds, Wise Men, each a part
Of wondrous picture that had stirred his heart.

The next day went the heralds through the land,
Proclaimed the skill and magic of the hand
Of Kor, the weaver; while for his success
The weaver prayed a prayer of thankfulness.
And Kor was blessed, and evermore lived he
To tell how was designed that tapestry.

And so we find the noblest works of
art
Are done through Christ's
own spirit in the heart
Of him who works. Be it
in mansion high
Or lowly hut where travel-
ers pass by,
Inspired will be the work
of him who sees
The vision Kor
wove in his
tapestries.





Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THERE was a certain lassitude observable in the opening days of the usual December session of Congress. A large number of the Representatives sitting in their seats knew that the fourth of March would end their service in Washington. On the Senate side there were Senators who were already beginning to clean out their desks for their successor. The December session promises to be largely a matter of marking time. The one thing that was missed by old-timers was the soldiery form of Henry Cabot Lodge, who for nearly forty years was the conspicuous member on the floor of the Senate. There were others missed, but somehow, Senator Lodge had almost seemed to become an integral part of the greatest legislative body in the world. If for nothing else the country might well pass a resolution of gratitude for his service in keeping the United States out of the League of Nations. In the light of subsequent events the wisdom of his far-seeing statesmanship has been verified.

There will be a succession of memorials, for Mrs. Harding will not be forgotten. I looked over into the gallery where she used to sit and follow eagerly with sparkling eyes the debates on questions in which President Harding was vitally interested. It did not seem like the same gallery where President Harding had announced, a few minutes after his inauguration, his Cabinet, which was then and there confirmed—the most expeditious confirmation on record.



DIPLOMATIC Washington raised its eyebrows when the report reached them of how a New Jersey girl artist had brought an Italian merchant to time through an appeal to Mussolini. Miss Margaret Johnstone, while living in Rome, purchased a very handsome necklace to present to her nurse, who had brought her through a serious illness. It was afterwards disclosed that a paste necklace was delivered by the wary jeweler. Miss Johnstone wrote to the firm and then sat down and wrote a letter to Mussolini that he evidently remembered. She addressed him by his first name, calling him "Dear Ben." It was altogether a most fantastic departure from diplomatic correspondence. She told him that if she did not hear from the merchant diplomatic relations would be broken and tourist trade with Italy would cease. A few weeks later came a frantic cablegram from the merchant asking what he could do. It was evident that the government had threatened to revoke his license and send him to jail unless he did business on the square. While Miss Johnstone has not heard directly from Mussolini, it is evident that he is looking after the "blue sky law" and hot after merchants who have been swindling the gullible American tourists.

THERE will be included days and months in the life of Marilyn Miller when she was considered the most popular and highest priced musical comedy star in America. Her personality seemed to win the worship of the younger people and the admiration of the elder. She was the Cinderella-like star of "Sally."

In her appearance in "Peter Pan" she achieved all her youthful dreams. At the tender age of five years, Marilyn Miller was on the stage, giving public performances in the family vaudeville. She could no more resist mimicry than she could stop



MARILYN MILLER

As she appears in the Pirate scene in "Peter Pan." The most popular and highest-salaried musical comedy star in America has won the hearts of the theatre-going world in her latest part

breathing. The baby sister in the Miller family was imitating her elders and doing the puckish sort of performances that have flowered into her triumph in "Peter Pan." From the gangling days of girlhood she blossomed into the beauty of young womanhood, still retaining her irrepressible instinct for mimicry.

There was a time when the family was doubtful of endangering their engagement in vaudeville by permitting the long,



ALVAN T. FULLER

Elected Governor of Massachusetts by a substantial majority. Mr. Fuller is not much of a politician, but he's a whale of a business man—and an honest, earnest, fearless and forthright sort of individual

lanky young girl, with her hair done up at the top of her head, to appear in the act, but Marilyn Miller was equal to it, and wore the long white cotton gloves and silk top-hat of the Bert Williams fashion—and won out.

While Marilyn was entertaining an English audience with her freak make-up, an American manager offered her an engagement in New York. After her success, the rest of the family retired and left the entire stage to Marilyn. There were dark days in the beginning, for the first rehearsals did not promise much. Marilyn, weighing less than one hundred, appeared in a company that was supposed to possess the prize beauties and prima donnas of America. The history of Broadway now records how little Marilyn Miller literally ran away with the show and earned a five-year contract in about five minutes. Now the terpsichorean "Peter Pan," who delighted London clubs, has won the hearts of the great theatre-going world.



THE bug-a-boo of the Big Stick which Senator William M. Butler is to wield in the Senate has already appeared. He has been pictured as the autocrat of the Senate, selecting his own seat on the floor without regard to others. The facts reveal that he has not even been in Washington, and had not been given and had not thought of his location on the Senate floor at the time the story was printed. There is no doubt,

however, that he will be regarded as the spokesman of President Coolidge on the floor of the Senate. The decision of Vice-President Dawes not to accept the invitation of the President to sit in at the meetings of the Executive Cabinet will make the confidential communication between the Senate and the White House a matter for Senator Butler to attend to. He occupies much the same position in the Senate as Senator Hanna did to the late President McKinley, and wears the mantle of a Warwick. The close relations existing between the Chairman of the National Republican Committee and the President began long years ago in Massachusetts, when neither one dreamed that the Wheel of Political Fortune would give to Massachusetts the first President since the administration of John Quincy Adams, and add Vermont to the list of States enjoying the distinction of having native sons raised to the exalted position of Chief Executive of the nation. Now that Senator La Follette and his group are to take their seats on the other side of the aisle and no longer be considered as Republicans, it looks as if a party vote can be forecast with some degree of certainty.

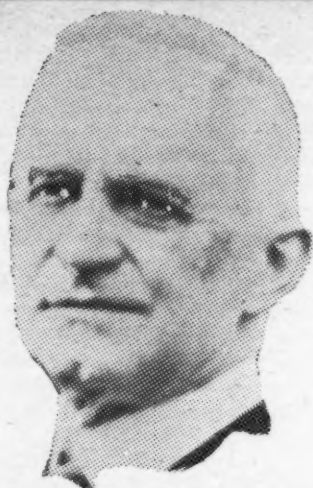


A KEEN wave of interest swept over the galleries when General Charles R. Dawes was seen presiding as Vice-President of the United States. Only the rules prevented him from smoking his briar pipe, and only the decorum of the Senate prevented a "hell and maria" outburst in the opening address. He was not a stranger to the members of the Senate. There were those present who recalled the young man who was selected by McKinley as Comptroller of the Treasury in 1897 and who forecasted an eminent career for the young man from Chicago, born in Ohio, who knew how to get things done. All the world and especially Europe has been absorbed in the Dawes Appropriation Plan, the first concrete and effective effort towards bringing about a settlement on the vexatious question that has had much to do with the unrest in Europe and the Orient.

General Dawes presided in a military fashion, and his sharp, shrill, decisive voice rang out more like a command. Descended from the General Dawes who rode with Paul Revere to Lexington, he typifies a real American to the core. His black briar pipe might have been lying beside the gavel on the desk, but when he retreated across the hall to the Vice-President's room, the air was soon thick from the fumes of the briar pipe—the style of pipe that has become famous in the campaign of 1924.

Speaking of real American blood reminds us of the fact that both the President and Vice-President of the United States are descended from Revolutionary ancestors. The complete ancestral record of Calvin Coolidge was not emphasized during the campaign, nor was that of General Dawes, but an event in November brought out the facts. A flag staff from Beacon Hill was taken to Plymouth, Vermont, the birthplace of President Coolidge, dedicated in a rain storm and erected near the school house standing on the site of the building in which Calvin Coolidge was taught "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." The flag staff was given in the memory of Captain John Coolidge, a soldier at Bunker Hill, who served on the staff of General Warren. He was the great, great-grandfather of President Coolidge. Frederic W. Cook, Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, Frank G. Allen, President of the Senate, and Charles L. Burrill of the Governor's Council represented the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, while former Governor Stickney represented the Green Mountain State.

When Colonel John Coolidge, father of the President, raised that flag at dusk, he presented a picture of the sturdy knight or yeoman who fought at Bunker Hill. Under the glare of a kerosene lamp the program was completed in the school house and the John Coolidge who was born in Bolton, Massachusetts, in 1756, and who died in Plymouth, Vermont, in 1822, and who was on the muster roll as late as 1871, was honored for the



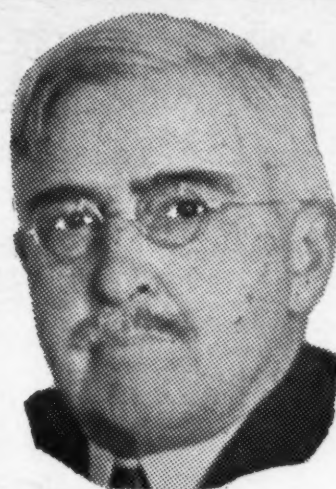
GEORGE EASTMAN

The Kodak King has just recently given several more millions of dollars to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Made a determined campaign for Governor of New York State that recalled the days when his distinguished father was "on the stump"



WILLIAM M. BUTLER

Will be the accredited spokesman of the President on the floor of the Senate

services he rendered at the siege of Boston and the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was this Colonel Coolidge who, after the war, pushed his way through to Saltash, Vermont, and cleared a farm. I wonder if he realized when he was felling the trees and building his log hut that one of his name would some day be President of the new Republic which he had helped to create.

The flag staff was presented by the Sons of the Revolution and presented to the town of Plymouth, dedicated to the memory of John Coolidge, a soldier of the Revolution and great, great-grandfather of Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States.



REPORTS of the departments laden with statistics are not usually popular reading—but the first forty pages in Secretary Hoover's report might be classified as a "best seller."

The average citizen finds here a comment on the current importance of industry, agriculture, transportation, banking and finance. There is an interpretation of the Dawes plan and its relation to foreign trade; a comment on the "Elimination of National Waste," the wastes due to unemployment and to seasonal construction, which is probably less understood than any of the questions considered. He clarifies any subject which he discusses and commenting on the subject of Co-operative Markets, proposes a definite plan designed to mobilize economic forces and reduce waste. In the important matter of housing the nation, Secretary Hoover rises almost to the point of eloquence in his appeal for cheaper and better homes. If Government reports continue at this standard, the paper-bound books of government reports will have an increased sale and demand.



THE Aircraft Appropriation Bill which is to come before the next Congress, will indicate more real progress in the development of transportation in the air than ever before. The presence of the "ZR-3," rechristened "Los Angeles" by Mrs. Coolidge, with the "Shenandoah," gives the United States two great airships, leading the world in up-to-date lighter-than-air craft. The "Shenandoah" is to be sent to Hawaii and the "Los Angeles" to Panama and England. Secretary Wilbur of the Navy Department has been busy with preparations for having the aircraft and dirigibles join in the spring manoeuvres. Admirable Moffat, head of the naval air service, is planning an

extensive campaign for the coming year that may lead to a more general adoption of aviation commercially. Europe is far advanced over the United States in the utilization of airplanes for transportation. The presence of helium in the United States, a by-product of the deep oil wells, is likely to lead to a more general development of dirigibles or big airships.

With helium there is no possible danger from fire or explosion. In fact, a dirigible is bullet proof, if the shattered holes can be mended and enough safety air-tight compartments provided, filled with the magic helium. "The time is not far distant," said Admirable Moffat, "when traveling by air will be considered quite as safe as traveling by motor in these days of congestion and the epidemic of accidents. Four and five fatal accidents a day with a loss of life that surpasses the casualties in battle is the tragic menu served to newspaper readers every day."



WHAT will be done at the coming short session of Congress is more or less of a cross-word puzzle. One word according to Senator Lenroot reads, "Special Sessions." Another given out at the White House reads "No Special Sessions," so you can take your choice.

Acrostics have been a popular diversion since ancient days. The Johns Hopkins University has a specimen that was unearthed in ancient Greece.

Speaking of cross-word puzzles, there have been few appointments that have not invoked the puzzling capacity of political prophets. The President's message was delivered in person and his voice recalled the radio campaign.

White House functions for the winter season are scheduled to begin December 18th, when the President and Mrs. Coolidge will give a State Dinner in honor of the Cabinet. There will be nothing more until the usual New Year's reception. The President will continue the old custom of beginning it at eleven o'clock, but there will be no Tom and Jerry as in the old days of Andrew Jackson. No cards will be issued for this function. The evening receptions will begin with the diplomatic reception, January 8th, with the diplomatic dinner following a week later, then the Judiciary Dinner with the judiciaries of the Supreme Court; the Speaker's Dinner and the Army and Navy Reception following in swift succession, one every week.

The President has planned on dining out at least once a week with various members of the Cabinet. This will include the extent of the President's social program. Musicales and other



JOHN W. FORD

Died on October 8th after a busy and useful life filled with good deeds to his fellow man. He was a great moving and directing force in the Loyal Order of Moose

entertainments are also planned at the White House, for Mrs. Coolidge has already established an enviable reputation as a hostess. Ambassador Jusserand deferred his return to France in order to attend the reception at the White House. All in all it looks like a rather gay social season in Washington.

CONGRESS at last has taken a strangle hold on the Muscle Shoals proposition, and under the leadership of Underwood's twenty-four votes from Alabama some of the Senators have shown real legislative "muscle" in grappling with the problem. The Smith Amendment was defeated, but the bill continued on its way—striking the shoals now and then.

The work of the Presidential session finally seems to be clearing the channel for a utilization of one of the projects that has been a bone of contention since the war. It seems as if the matter is gradually being reduced to a practical business proposition.

What the country is interested in now is the utilization of Muscle Shoals for something that will return concrete benefits to the farmers by providing them with fertilizer and utilizing the great water power which Nature has provided.

JOHN W. FORD is dead. These simple words herald the passing of a man who was widely known and greatly loved, a man who put forward the best efforts of his busy and useful life in the interests of the Order of Moose and of Mooseheart, a man who never allowed an opportunity to pass to do good, even in cases where it took time and a great deal of effort.

At the time of his death Mr. Ford was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Moose and Dictator of his home lodge at Philadelphia. He was as well a Past Supreme Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose.

His positions as an official in this Order are matters of history, but history will never be able to record the many things which he did for the cause from a humanitarian standpoint. His life was filled with those things. He had been a very active member of the Order for about fourteen years and had been a leader in his subordinate lodge for that length of time, in addition to being a leading official in the Supreme Lodge. He sacrificed a very promising public career in Philadelphia to become active in furthering the work of the Moose at Mooseheart. On every hand he was termed the "Little Giant of the Moose," and he deserved the name. At conventions and on like occasions he was ever ready with a smile to do anything which could be done. It was often remarked that no other man with as many big things to do could earnestly take such an interest in the smaller troubles of those about him as did John Ford. In this way he endeared himself to every one with whom he had relations of any nature.



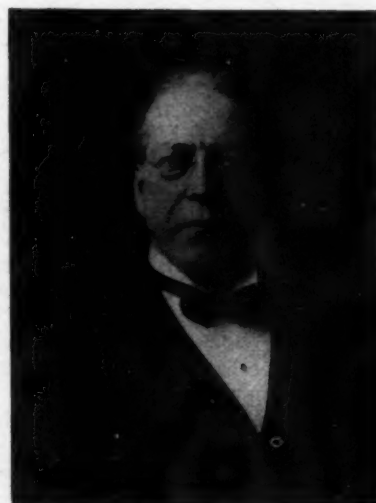
IT was a race between the angel of death and the railroad train speeding from Mexico with Samuel Gompers lying ill in a Pullman berth.

It was a fight to the finish, and the grand old man of American labor circles had his wish gratified by dying on American soil. At San Antonio, Samuel Gompers breathed his last with the words on his lips: "God bless American institutions and make them better day by day and year by year."

There are few personalities that have been more prominent as administrations have come and gone than Samuel Gompers. For forty-two years he was the head of the American Federation of Labor, and whatever may be said about his views, he was a consistent and persistent champion of his convictions. His sincerity has been questioned at times, but his achievements stand out like chapters in the history of American labor. He was born in London, the son of a cigar maker. Coming to New York, he began working at this trade, but while rolling cigars he was thinking about labor organizations. Finally he threw down his kit and decided to devote his life to that one purpose. He was a small man of mixed British, Jewish, and Dutch parentage, who showed the pugnacity and persistence of a Briton.

Early in the history of the American Federation of Labor he insisted on a policy of not committing the organization to any one political party. He got his results by skillfully playing his guns—being on the job in Washington early and late, watching legislation with a keen, hawk-like eye. He was not an educated man, but he could make a statement clear and lucid.

During the Boston police strike he received a real body blow from Governor Coolidge, who insisted that the workmen had no right to strike anywhere at any time against public safety. He was an intimate friend of President Wilson and gave valiant assistance during the war. He lived a busy and devoted life for the cause of labor.



SAMUEL GOMPERS

The dead labor leader had a career that for success in a chosen line and power over his followers few men have equalled

MEMORIES of Rooseveltian days were revived in New York when the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., made his campaign for Governor in the Empire State. There was something in his appearance, mannerisms and voice that awakened recollections of the old times, but there was "Al" Smith to reckon with. He made the state ring with the echoes of the "Sidewalks of New York," and pointed with pride to his achievements as Governor. His campaign for President and the scenes at Madison Square Garden brought him into the national limelight in a way that made New York state folks feel that he has become an institution and a real candidate for the 1928 nomination on the Democratic ticket. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., made a valiant fight and carried on to the finish. His fate in this gubernatorial campaign only strengthened the conviction that young Roosevelt has a real public career in the making that will do honor to the distinguished name he bears and the memory of his father, whose greatest interest in life was his sons, that they might prove sturdy, true and courageous Americans and take an active part in public life—defeated or victorious.



THE struggle for the speakership began early. Nicholas Longworth as floor leader had the poll from the start, but there were others who thought the honor was due Representative Burton, whose long service in the House entitled him to consideration.

Although it was known that the legislative bills would grind slowly in the short session, there was a flow of bills introduced. However, the routine continued in very much the same old way.

Robert M. La Follette with his pompadour was as chipper as before he had his hat in the presidential ring.

While there may not be much new business there is many a tangled thread to take up and some real knitting to be attended to. Candidates may come and go, but the government goes on forever.

The leadership of the Senate was given over to Senator Curtis of Kansas, and deservedly, for he has long been familiar with all the ins and outs of procedures. Senator Warren was a logical choice, but he preferred to continue his work on the appropriation committee.

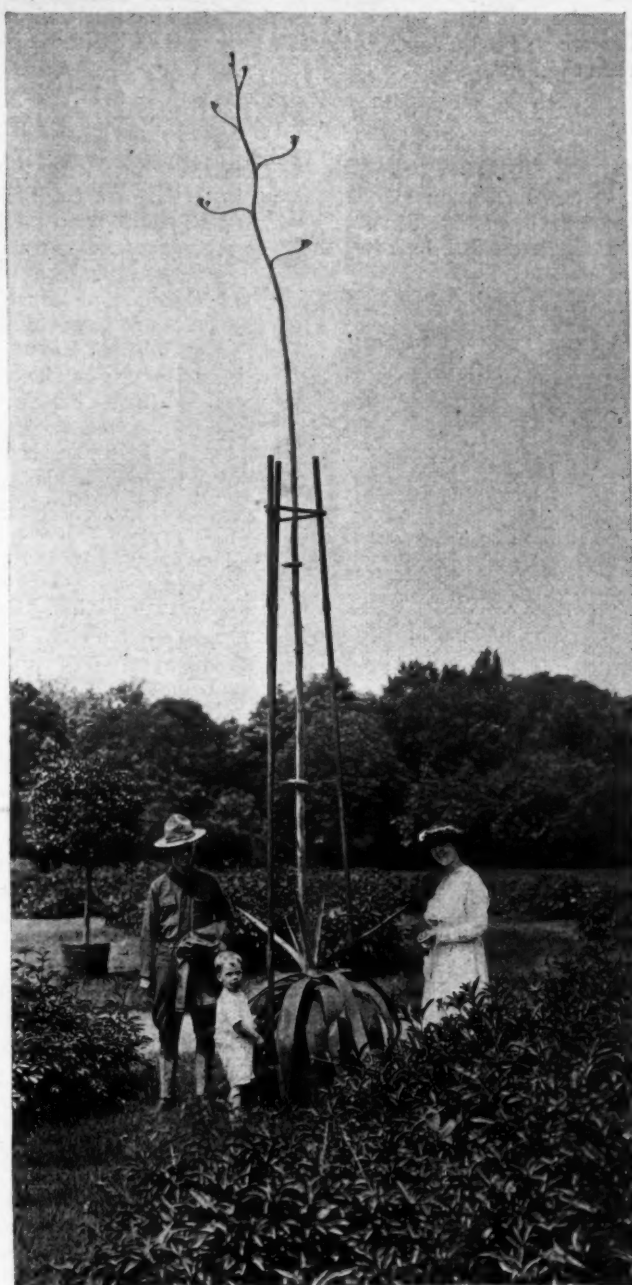
For many years past he has probably given more of his time to public work than any Senator now living. Senator Wadsworth was another likely candidate, but he is young, vigorous and finds plenty to do. He is one of those men who can lead and knows how to achieve results without depending upon a title of leadership. Senator Charles Curtis was a candidate for vice-president.



WHEN we hear Doctor Tehyi Hsieh deliver a lecture in perfect English, flashing with wit, the Celestial Kingdom doesn't seem so far off. Dr. Hsieh has been called "the Theodore Roosevelt of China," and is recognized as a leader of young China. He was born in the land of the Manchus, and has proven himself a diplomat, born lecturer and teacher. He brings the story of the oldest of the nations to his audience in a vivid way.

Dr. Hsieh comes of an influential Chinese family and has the reputation of being the most eloquent speaker of ancient Cathay. He somewhat disproves Rudyard Kipling's theory that "West is West and East is East." He was educated in England, is a graduate of Cambridge, and has a charming personality.

In his addresses, Dr. Hsieh has indicated the possibilities of the future of the Chinese, when they know our language and we know something of theirs. He insists that China is fully awake, and that she will co-operate with America and save



A CENTURY PLANT

In the Botanic Gardens at Washington. Stick around for ninety-six years more and you can see it bloom

the world. His dream of the new China was emphasized at the close of an address. He called for three cheers in his own shrill, Oriental voice, and among all the rest his hip-hip-hooray led the thundering tigers. His face fairly glows as he pictures two hundred Buddhist temples turned into schools, and the new banking system, all of which will come about through the outstretched hand and fellowship of America and the Washington Conference.

When he was presented with an American flag in Boston, he entwined it with the rainbow flag of America and pointing to it, recalled the promise of the rainbow: "No more the deluge of human blood." He fairly bristles and exudes the American spirit, and even his gestures have a swing of emphasis that indicates the possibility of an Oriental mind adapting itself to Occidental environment.

He insists that the reverse is true: that many of the sons of

America in China, who have acquired the language early in life, are able to talk even more effectively to the Chinese people than those native born.



THE political excitement of the month concentrated on the Senatorial campaign in Connecticut—the choosing of a successor to the late Senator Frank Brandegee. His untimely and tragic death brings to mind a career of more than usual



HON. FRANK D. BRANDEGEE

The Connecticut Senator whose tragic death at Washington put an untimely end to a remarkable career

importance in the history of Connecticut. Frank Brandegee was a level-headed and aggressive legislator and held his popularity with the voters of Connecticut from the time he entered public life. The nomination of Governor-elect Bingham by the Republicans was challenged by Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent*, who carried on a vigorous campaign. The Governor-elect won by forty thousand and has the distinction of being a Governor-elect and Senator-elect at the same time. He is connected with Yale University and was born in Honolulu of American parentage. The fight was very bitter and

his vote was challenged because of his having been born on soil that was foreign at the time of his birth, although now a part of the United States of America.

Politics has become a lively vocation in Connecticut. Now that the Governor-elect has been promoted to the Senate and has given up his duties at Yale, the retiring Governor, Guy Templeton, a hard-headed and practical business man, will enter the University. One might think that there is a magic key connected in some way with the Yale lock.



THE new Secretary of Agriculture, Howard M. Gore of West Virginia, who had been serving since the untimely death of Secretary Wallace, was busy working out the estimates for the coming year. He had the hearty endorsement of several farm leaders and farm organizations, but Secretary Gore will

leave the Cabinet March 4th, when he becomes Governor of his home state. The President felt that he was the logical man to carry on the work in the interim. Governor Gore is a hard worker and enthusiastic concerning his work in the Agricultural Department. He has a smooth face, dark eyes, and heavy dark eyebrows.

His address at the meeting of the presidents of the Agricultural Colleges in Washington was a tribute to Secretary Wallace, and that of the President was a fitting remembrance of the late Secretary who had given such a splendid impetus to the work of one of the most important departments of the government.



THE preparation of the thirty or more dinosaur eggs now being carried on at the American Museum of Natural History in New York brought forth a very interesting little story about dinosaurs from Mr. Walter Granger, chief palaeontologist of the Third Asiatic Expedition.

He said: "There were rather more in the lot than we had at first anticipated because in one case, the most important, we took up a mass of the sediment without knowing just how many were in it. On developing these we find that there are thirteen lying in a semicircle, two deep, remaining apparently just as deposited in the hole scratched out of the sand.

"The interesting fact about the find is that some years ago, here in the Museum, when Professor Osborn was describing one of the small carnivorous dinosaurs which was peculiar in that it had no teeth, the question arose as to what the dinosaur lived upon. Here was an agile little dinosaur, of an obviously carnivorous type, with long, slender, sharp-pointed digits, but without teeth, the only characteristic it possessed different from other dinosaurs.

"The question was, What did it eat? I maintained in the discussion following that these long, sharp-pointed claws were for the purpose of digging out and tearing open the eggs of other dinosaurs, while it used its edentulous mouth for sucking out their contents. The idea was greeted with smiles of doubt, but it seemed perfectly possible to me. The joke now is on the other side for, lying in the rock just over this group of eggs, we found part of the skeleton of another of these edentulous dinosaurs of the same general type that was found in this country. Of course the occurrence of these eggs and the skeleton so close together may have been an accident; it also may have been that the eggs were of this particular dinosaur, although this is unlikely. It may be further possible, however, that this very dinosaur was after this nest of eggs and had died directly over the nest and been buried with the eggs in the sand."



A NOTE of consideration as to the effects of the adoption of the Dawes plan is sounded by the Administrative Commissioner of the American Section of the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris, writes Basil Miles, in his review of conditions in Europe.

"The London Conference," says Mr. Miles, "cleared the atmosphere and has created a degree of confidence which was fully anticipated by many observers, but the influence of which is becoming apparent only gradually and may soon be obscured by local difficulties growing out of local problems which will now emerge in their normal, and possibly exaggerated, proportions.

"When the dust has settled it will be realized that almost the first effect of this general stabilization will be the opportunity for each country to devote its principal efforts to its own internal problems. Everyone recalls how civil war in 1914 was quenched by the single blast of war declared. The converse is about to prove true in more than one of the European countries."

Herbert Myrick—the Farmer's Friend

The Sage of Wisset Farms practices what he preaches, and shows the farmers of the whole country how to make the farm a business unit—and the farm home a "home beautiful"

A BETTER example of the man fitting the office and the office fitting the man could hardly be conceived than the present association of Herbert Myrick's name with the position of Secretary of Agriculture made vacant by the death of Secretary Wallace.

Probably no man in the country today possesses the manifold qualifications for the position that he does—and certainly no man has worked harder or for a longer period of years or with more success, to bring about substantial improvements in the farmer's lot.

Personally by word of mouth and by example, as well as through the farm journals of which he is the editor and the important books that he has written—Herbert Myrick for more than thirty years has preached and planned improved farming methods, better marketing, the utilization of labor-saving machinery on the farm, co-operative dairying, graded stock, scientific soil treatment, saving of waste products and farm financing on business lines.

In a word, he has been the farmer's friend, guide and mentor for so many years that he has become established as a sort of permanent rock of refuge to which the farmers the country over cling in times of stress and times of distress—a kind of national institution, like the Washington Monument and the Mint.

The chief drawback as we see it to occupying the unique position which Herbert Myrick has attained is that the very people—and their name is legion—who ought to include his name in their daily prayers (if they pray) take him too much for granted, as something instituted for their particular benefit by a benign Providence.

For as long as they can remember he has stood at their elbows, ready to counsel and advise—and therefore doubtless always will so stand.

Appreciation is one of the first tributes that can be paid to any man—and one of the rarest. If every farmer in the United States who owes Herbert Myrick an undying debt of gratitude for his unselfish service to the farming interests of the country should cast a stone upon the same pile—his monument would rise as high as the Rocky Mountains.

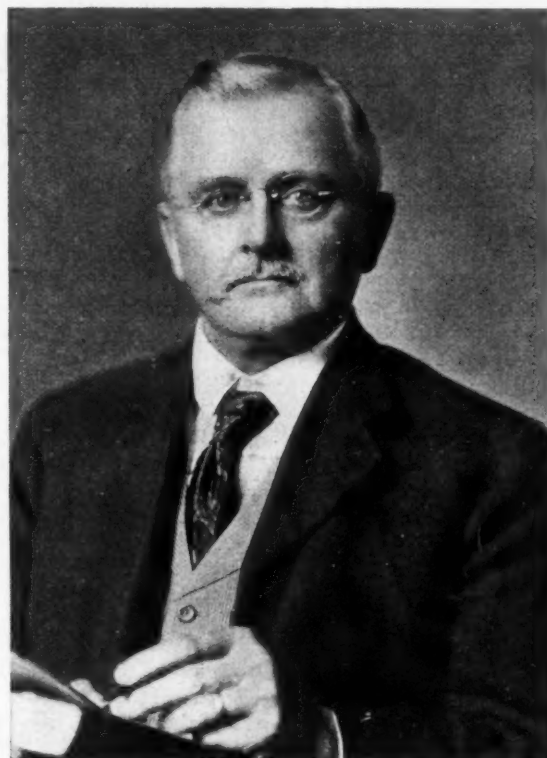
It is a curious trait of human nature that impels us to find fault with the thing that displeases us—and withhold praise for the thing that pleases. But in spite of this quite common failing of mankind, the country at large is waking up to the fact that this faithful and devoted laborer for the cause of the farmer has been suggested as the incumbent of a position where he could doubtless do even greater things for the cause in which his whole heart and soul is engaged—and the men to whose hands the plow handle and the scythe are more familiar than the pen are beginning to "take their pen in hand" to tell the President that *their* choice for Secretary of Agriculture is Herbert Myrick.

And this is as it should be. For thirty years and more he has been unconsciously in training for the position. The record of his accomplishments is a long and imposing one.

Even before *Farm and Home* was established by him in 1880, Mr. Myrick had helped to organize the first co-operative creamery in America at Hatfield, Massachusetts, in 1878, from which has grown the co-operative system of butter and cheese manufacture now so universal, and no other farm paper editor has been responsible for as many important developments in

American agriculture as has Herbert Myrick, using *Farm and Home* as his medium of service.

Being the leading factor in perfecting the New England Milk Producers Association into a medium of co-operative marketing in 1882, and later the five states' Association which



HERBERT MYRICK, the Editor of "*Farm and Home*," is a real dirt-farmer and a successful one, as well as the foremost writer on agricultural topics in this country, and the leading authority on farm economics and marketing

dominates the New York market—from which has developed the present co-operative milk marketing systems in nearly all leading cities—he may well be called the father of this important movement to remove the hand of the milk wholesaler from the throat of the farmer.

Then in 1883 he organized the New England Tobacco Growers' Association, which secured the tariff that has protected growers of cigar leaf from that day to this—from which beginning has evolved the various co-operative concerns which now handle much of the crop throughout the tobacco growing regions.

The United States Postal Improvement Association, which he organized in 1885, under his direction mobilized public opinion in behalf of rural free delivery until the latter was provided by Congress in 1913, and also waged a long campaign for parcel post, which was finally enacted in 1912.

This Association also induced Congress to enact thirty years ago the law establishing low rates of postage on seeds, plants and bulbs, which is still in effect and which is only one-half the former rate, and was brought about largely by the earnest

co-operation of the seed and nursery trades, Mr. Myrick having organized and being secretary of the Nurserymen's Protective Association of America.

Having specialized in co-operation and finance at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in 1878-1882, following his boyhood years of tough experience in Colorado, Mr. Myrick helped to organize the Springfield Co-operative Bank in 1882, still in operation, and later helped to secure the Massachusetts Credit Union law (copied by other states) also the Massachusetts Farmland Bank Act. The Myrick standard bill for farm finance under state law has been followed by twenty-two States.

In 1887, as a direct result of a campaign originated wholly by Herbert Myrick, and directed by him, Congress enacted the Hatch Bill, providing \$15,000 annually for an experiment station in connection with the agricultural college in each State. *Farm and Home* later helped to secure further grants for agricultural colleges and promoted the Smith Lever law for extension work.

In 1889-90 Mr. Myrick conducted the American crop competition with scientific precision, producing the largest yields per acre known before or since for corn, wheat, oats and potatoes. This was followed by the American maize propaganda which increased the exportation of corn and its use in manufactures.

Mr. Myrick studied agricultural and financial co-operation in Europe in 1889 and repeatedly thereafter, and in 1891 published "How to Co-operate," of which Willet M. Hays, then United States Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, said in a public speech in 1908: "This book, with *Farm and Home*, fathered the new co-operative movement in America, and inspired the United States Department of Agriculture to promote co-operation among farmers."

The campaign of 1882-1910 which resulted in establishing the beet sugar industry in the United States was started and so fostered by him that the editor of *Farm and Home* is recognized as one of the fathers of this now vast domestic industry.

In 1900 he organized the League of Domestic Producers of sugar and tobacco, cotton and wool, fruit and nuts, which through *Farm and Home* and by other means overthrew the so-called Foraker doctrine of preferential tariff or free trade with the tropics, and secured the protective tariff on sugar which still is in effect.

It was Herbert Myrick who originated the demand for farm finance under Federal statute prior to 1890, pressing the campaign for years in *Farm and Home*. He it was also who started the movement that overthrew the Aldrich Bill, led to the Pujo investigation and paved the way for the Federal Reserve Act of 1914. His thirty years' campaign accomplished its purpose in the Farm Loan Act, approved July 17, 1916. As its "father," Mr. Myrick was presented with one of the two gold pens used by President Wilson in signing this act, and is the author of several books on these subjects. Up to July 1, 1924, over 400,000 farmers had been accommodated with long time loans on easy terms to an aggregate of some \$1,500,000,000 and the system now continues to grow rapidly.

About 1910 he began agitating comprehensive methods to control and utilize the Mississippi River, resulting in the Riker Spillway project for navigation, drainage, irrigation flood control and 5,000,000 horse-power.

Editor Myrick's report in 1916 on Muscle Shoals, later on confirmed by governmental and corporate engineers, was the first public effort which started the national campaign that induced Congress to begin developments at Muscle Shoals.

In 1913 he submitted the first definite and comprehensively mapped plan for a network of national, state, county and local highways—a principle accepted as the foundation for every systematic road building program since that time.

In 1916 Mr. Myrick toured the United States, lecturing upon the new Federal Farm Loan System, aided in locating the twelve Federal land banks and their districts, and became director of the Federal Land Bank of Springfield. When it was reorganized by the farmer borrowers in 1923, he was elected

director-at-large by vote of the national farm loan associations of New Jersey, New York, and New England.

In 1921 he represented the American Farm Bureau Federation on the executive committee of the Foreign Trade Finance Corporation, capitalized at one billion dollars. The plan developed by this committee was included as part of the Agricultural relief bill, enacted in September, 1921, out of which grew the War Finance Corporation that financed agriculture on a vast scale.

In 1922, at the request of the United States Senators composing the "Farm Bloc," Mr. Myrick revised and consolidated the various suggestions offered for a permanent plan for short term rural credits. The Intermediate Credit Act of March 4, 1923, was partly the result of his long study and advocacy, though not in just the form he wanted.

In October, 1921, *Farm and Home* started corn prices on the up-grade by calling attention to the need for changing the basis for Government estimates. To get quick action this article was republished in paid spaces in the Chicago *Tribune*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Omaha *Bee*, the Des Moines *Capital* and other Corn Belt dailies. The Department of Agriculture later revised its estimates.

One of the earliest advocates of conservation and the wise use of natural resources, *Farm and Home* also was the first periodical to advise the use of electricity on farms and in rural homes. Its present constructive policy is shown by its broadside, "Let Electricity Do It" in February, 1924, which attracted such widespread attention that its illustrations were reproduced by the State of Pennsylvania's Giant Power Survey. Also by the one hundred ways in which electricity is now being used in agriculture, in *Farm and Home* for August, 1924.

Farm and Home's national plan for improving rural homes throughout 1924 was encouraged by its offer of \$5,000 in cash prizes and had the co-operation of Federal, state and county departments and bureaus of agriculture and home economics, with thousands of contestants.

Supplementary to and backing up *Farm and Home's* work, Mr. Myrick has made many addresses, contributed freely to other periodicals and is the author of the following books: "How to Co-operate," "Turkeys, How to Grow Them," "Mortgage Lifters," "Tobacco Leaf," "Key to Profitable Stock Feeding," "Sugar, a New and Profitable Crop," "The American Sugar Industry," "The Hop," "The Crisis in Agriculture," "The Book of Corn," "Co-operative Finance," "Federal Farm Loan System," "Financing Second Mortgages as a Means Whereby Tenants May Own Their Own Farms," "Rural Credits System for the United States," "How to Use Agricultural Credits Act of March 4, 1923," also books on adventure, philosophy, history-fiction, education, poetry and autobiography.

How these books and the editor of *Farm and Home* are the authority, is proven by a letter from E. Clemens Horst Company, California hop growers: "We have been awarded \$287,694.85 by Supreme Court in our case against the buyer of our 1922 crop for breach of contract. The book, 'Myrick on The Hop' was in our opinion the controlling and the court's accepted authority in deciding the case in our favor." In New England he is universally known also as Editor-in-Chief of the East's weekly institution, the *New England Homestead*.

As will be seen from this incomplete list of Herbert Myrick's contributions to the well being and material progress of the farmer, he has combined in rare measure the essentials of far-seeing vision, vast enthusiasm, sound business judgment, continuous application, and an unfailing belief in the possibility of making the farm a business unit.

There is no doubt—can be no doubt—in anybody's mind that Herbert Myrick by nature, training, instinct and acquisitions, and by reason of his great services to the agrarian interests of the country, is a man well fitted to be the Secretary of Agriculture—and the one who would be most acceptable to every section of the United States.

"To unpathed waters, undreamed shores"

The Last Days of Robert Louis Stevenson

Among the savage tribes of the South Sea Isles the "Teller of Tales" found peace and happiness and surpassing beauty. Friend of kings and cannibal chiefs was he who sleeps so sound there upon the mountain top in far Samoa

By MAITLAND LEROY
OSBORNE

THIRTY years ago this month, Stevenson—the beloved wanderer, the restless seeker for the secret of the soul—looked for the last time upon "the bright and sparkling waters of the bay, and the green-clad mountains that climb down to the sea" from Vailima in Samoa. For forty-four years he lived and loved and dreamed—and in that so brief a lifetime so deftly wove the web of Romance on the loom of Life that the very name of Stevenson will go singing down the centuries to come so long as sparkling waters run and green grass grows upon the hills.

For, dipt in his own heart's blood was the pen that painfully and with frequent pauses traced the semblance of his dreams upon the virgin page for men in many lands to read. So long he dwelt in the border-land between Life and Death that he acquired a spiritual serenity plainly traceable through all the poignant pages of the "Letters from Vailima," which record with diary-like fidelity his daily thoughts, his daily employments, his daily struggle against the relentless inroads of the disease that had threatened his life for so many years.

His was a personality so rare that it stamped itself indelibly upon the memory and minds of everyone he met. After more than thirty years I have talked with men who knew him well down there in the slumberous Islands of the Summer Seas in the days when the flickering candle of his tenuous life was growing dim. And with them the memory of his presence still abides as though they had seen and talked with him last year—last month—last week. No slightest mental effort was required for them to recall his every word and look and action.

It seems uncanny somehow when you think that half a world and nearly half a lifetime lie between the desk where I am writing this and that quiet grave there upon the mountain top of Vaea in the island of Upolu, Samoa, where the palm leaves whisper gently to him in the evening breeze and the distant sound of the white surf roaring along the barrier reef outside Matautu comes faintly to the ear, and the moonlight makes a silver shining pathway for his feet straight to the Heaven of his desires—the lonely tomb under the Southern Cross in which he sleeps so far away from his "ain cuntry," marked by a tablet inscribed with the majestic lines of "Requiem," the best of all his poems:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea;
And the hunter home from the hill.

—it seems uncanny, as I say, to have someone who talked with Stevenson more than thirty years ago on the beach at Apia smile a gentle and appreciative smile and say: "Stevenson? Ah, what a lovable man he was! His soul seemed to

shine out from his eyes when he talked with you . . . we loved him . . . everybody loved him—you couldn't help it. . . . He was not like other men . . . there was something about his look, his manner—the way he spoke—especially the way he smiled, that made you feel . . . well, I don't know how I can just express it. You know the natives looked upon him as something of a god."

TO STEVENSON, Life was the essence of Romance—and living, a great Adventure. I doubt if he ever had a prosaic or worldly-wise thought in his whole lifetime—despite his early dabbling in Engineering—the traditional occupation of his family—and his perfunctory training for the Law. And for all the ill health that dogged his footsteps throughout the whole of his life, no man ever possessed a truer sense of humor—a more exigent optimism. And how tender he

could be, how light of touch! You'd think, to read "A Child's Garden of Verses," that he was own kin to the Little People.

And yet, how he delighted in a fight—on paper—and took the rarest pleasure in the delin-eation of some swaggering cut-throat like Mister Shuan in "Kidnapped" or Long John Silver, who fought his ensanguined way through the pages of "Treasure Island."

His heart unfolded like a flower to the sensuous appeal of the Island atmosphere. You must remember that he knew the lands of the South Pacific before they became commercialized beyond recognition as the abode of races that were old when the Goths and Vandals ravaged Britain.

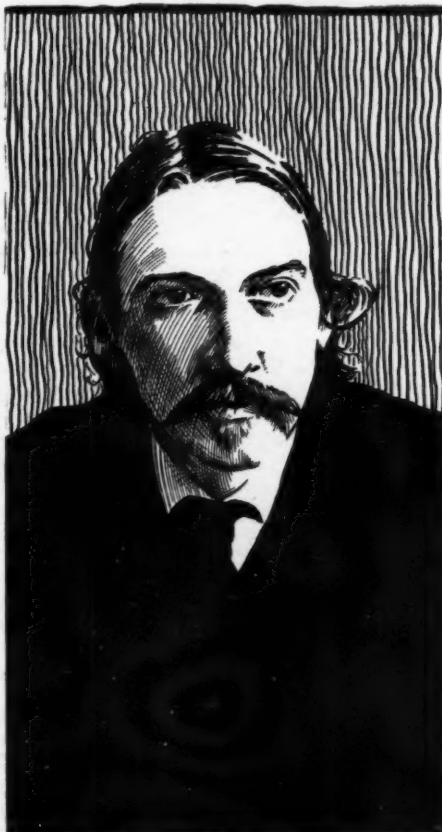
To sit on a fallen tree by some tumbling waterfall, with the riotous jungle all around, and listen to a stately half-naked savage only recently weaned of his taste for "long pig," recounting legends of the mighty deeds at war of his direct ancestor a matter of three thousand years or so ago was to Stevenson like drinking the very wine of life.

From Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, he wrote to his friend Sidney Colvin: "It is all a swindle: I chose these isles as having the most beastly population, and they are far better and far more civilized than we. I know one old chief Ko-o-amua, a great cannibal in his day, who ate his enemies even as he walked home from killing 'em, and he is a perfect gentleman and exceedingly amiable and simple-minded: no fool, though."

And again, dating his letter: Yacht *Casco* at sea—twenty days out from Papeete: "We were kept two months at Tautira in the house of my dear old friend, Ori a Ori till both of the masts of this invaluable yacht had been repaired. It was all for the best: Tautira being the most beautiful spot, and its people the most amiable, I have ever found. Besides which, the climate suited me to the ground; I actually went sea-bathing almost every day, and in our feasts (we are all huge eaters in Taiarapu) have been known to apply four times for pig. And then again I got wonderful material for my book, collected songs and legends on the spot; songs still sung in chorus by perhaps a hundred persons, not two of whom can agree on their translation; legends, on which I have seen half a dozen seniors sitting in conclave and debating what came next. Once I went a day's journey to the other side of the island to Tati, the high chief of the Tevas—my chief that is, for I am now a Teva and Teriitera, at your service—to collect more and correct what I had already."

The eternal boyishness of Stevenson made him delight in every strange custom of the natives; to him they were not savages at all, but moving figures in a colorful drama—and him, because of that intangible attraction he exercised upon every person with whom he came in contact, they took forthwith to their savage hearts.

They solemnly adopted him into their tribes



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The greatly loved Master of Vailima—he whom the Samoans, who looked upon him almost as one sent from Heaven, called Tusitala—"Teller of Tales"

with impressive rites, and called him "Rui"—which was as near as they could get to "Louis," the Polynesian dialects lacking the letters *l* and *s*. Small wonder, perhaps, that in a letter to a friend, he wrote of a certain "lovely week among God's

the glowing romance and swift adventure of "Treasure Island," which he designed to enthrall the fancy of the stepson he so greatly loved.

How different the circumstances of his second visit to America from the first. During the time

of his stay in California when he first came to this country—unknown, obscure, penniless almost, vainly asking for work on the San Francisco papers; ill, starving, living in the most squalid lodgings while waiting for a remittance from his father—at one time an object of charity on the part of two rough, rude ranchmen who found him near death beneath a tree where he had lain all night in a sort of stupor, and tenderly nursed him back to a semblance at least of health; at Saranac Lake besieged by editors and publishers offering all sorts of monetary inducements to secure a contribution to their magazine from the man who had written "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—the story that first brought him lasting fame. Accepting a contract from *Scribner's* for a series of twelve articles for which he was to be paid 700 pounds, he had to refuse other advantageous offers, both for lack of time and lack of strength. After an apprenticeship at literature such as perhaps no other writer of equal eventual fame has endured, Robert Louis Stevenson had at last, almost over night, reached nearly the pinnacle of contemporaneous fame as a writer. America welcomed him with open arms—a welcome that bewildered, pleased and amazed the child-like tale maker whose genius had at last been recognized by the world. There are not many people in America today who

The years that lie between are swept away as we turn the pages, and Romance lives again for us as it lived always for Robert Louis Stevenson.

I think that Stevenson more than any other writer is one in imagination with his readers. That, as I understand it, is the real reason for his universal appeal—to the man whose horizon is bounded by shelves of books, who abhors a split infinitive as the Devil abhors holy water; as well as to the man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow and the strength of his brawny arms, or wrests it precariously from the storm-tossed waters of the Grand Banks.

I have picked up "Treasure Island" from the frowzy bunk of a sailor before the mast on an ocean tramp. I have ridden out a howling gale in the fo'castle of a fishing schooner in the South Channel and held the crew spellbound for an afternoon with the reading of "Kidnapped," while the whole Atlantic Ocean seemed trying to climb aboard our tiny craft. I have sat for hours, one of a silent circle about a brushwood fire in a cow camp on a western range while a cowboy whose like was never seen on stage or screen read by the dim light of a smoking lantern chapter after chapter of "Ballantrae" aloud under the listening stars. And I found once a copy of "Pulvis et Umbra" in a lumber camp in the northern wilderness—dog-eared and soiled from much reading.

Frail, ill, weak—an unsubstantial mortal form within which there burned, now high, now low, the pure white flame of the divine afflatus: Stevenson dreamed the universal dream all mankind has dreamed since Thutmose III, the Alexander of Ancient Egypt, conquered the known world of his day and carved the names of 628 vanquished nations and conquered cities on Karnak's sculptured walls; the dream that came to him out of the fathomless abyss of buried and forgotten ages—born in the brain of primordial man in the very infancy of the human race, when, standing at the threshold of the twilight of the gods, he scratched the first rude symbol of the solar fire wheel upon the sand in token of his worship of the Sun.

The Long Road beckoned—and he could not go. The road that winds and twists and turns—through the highland and the lowland—the road



THE GUTZON BORGLUM TABLET

They were close friends—these two geniuses. Stevenson referred to Borglum in a letter as "the God-like sculptor," and this bronze tablet placed on the verandah of the little cottage at Saranac Lake was Borglum's loving tribute to the Master Romancer

best—at least God's sweetest works—Polyne- sians," or that, when the *Casco* first anchored in the Bay of Nukahiva, his soul "went down with the moorings where no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I, and some part of my ship's company, were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien."

THOUGH Stevenson belongs to the world—as do those other three great Scots of Literature, Sir J. M. Barrie, "Bobbie" Burns and Sir Walter Scott—he is peculiarly near and dear to Americans from the fact that during the seven months (September, 1887, to April, 1888) while he lived in that little cottage at Saranac Lake, New York, that has now become the property of the Stevenson Society of America, he wrote "A Christmas Sermon," "The Lantern Bearers," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Beggars," "Gentlemen," "A Chapter on Dreams," and part of "The Master of Ballantrae." Out of the memories of his first visit to California, eight years before, he produced "The Amateur Emigrant," "Across the Plains" and "The Silverado Squatters." And show me an American boy who has not thrilled to

can recall how Stevenson looked on that June day in 1888 when he set sail from San Francisco on the schooner yacht *Casco* with his wife and mother and stepson and his servant, bound for the Marquesas on the beginning of the South Seas cruise from which he was fated never to return—but what a legion there is in America to whom his name is a household word!

TAKE Romance from the world—and what a dreary place the world would be. When the day is done and the evening lamp is lit, and the winter wind is rattling the shutters of our study, we have but to take up "The Master of Ballantrae" from the table at our elbow and open its pages at random in order to walk in spirit with the Master Romancer as he "was walking in the verandah of a small house outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter, the night was very dark, the air clear and cold and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. 'Come,' said I to my engine, 'let us make a tale'—for on that winter night in the Adirondacks, "The Master of Ballantrae" was born.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON SHRINE AT SARANAC LAKE

Colonel Walter Scott, President of the Stevenson Society of America, has set all doubts at rest regarding the loss to the Society of the long-coveted Baker homestead at Saranac Lake, where lived the beloved R. L. S. during his sojourn there, by stating that on November 13, the anniversary of the birth of the celebrated author, the documents of purchase were signed. Stevenson lovers will be deeply gratified to learn of this latest development in the affairs of the Society, which means that this shrine, as it is oft referred to, will be preserved for all time. For many years the Stevenson Society has maintained a wing in the modest cottage for the purpose of housing the interesting Stevenson relics which it had collected from time to time. At the death of the Bakers the property passed into the hands of a party who until recently declined to part with it.

The price of the cottage and grounds was \$17,500, and the largest part of it must be raised by subscription from the author's admirers. Life membership in the Society costs \$100. It is to be hoped there will be a prompt and generous response to either Livingston Chapman, Secretary, Saranac Lake, N. Y., or to Walter Scott, President, 495 Broadway, New York City.

down which, a-jingle with sword and spur, the bold adventurers of the world have ridden in search of Romance.

He could not go in body—but in mind he was one with that brave company.

VAILIMA (meaning in the Samoan tongue "five rivers") is the name that Stevenson bestowed upon the plantation where he lived for the last four years of his life—and where he died on December 3, 1894—because of the five mountain streams that watered it. The cruise of the *Casco*, extending leisurely among the magic Marquesas Islands, the coral atolls of the Low Archipelago and the breath-taking beauty of the Tahitian group, had brought the wanderers by the beginning of October, 1888, to Papeete, the chief town, on the Island of Tahiti, where Stevenson fell ill. After two months spent in recovering his strength in the seclusion of the tiny native hamlet of Tautira, where he formed his notable friendship with Ori a Ori, they sailed for Honolulu, arriving there about Christmas time and paying off the yacht, which then returned to San Francisco.

The party, with the exception of his mother, who returned to Scotland, remained in Honolulu for nearly six months, while Stevenson finished "The Master of Ballantrae" and "The Wrong Box," and made the trip to the leper settlement at Molokai—the scene of Father Damien's ministrations and death—which resulted in his famous letter in defense of that devoted laborer among the outcasts.

From Honolulu, in June of 1889, he started again with his party on the trading schooner *Equator* for a voyage among the Gilbert Islands, emerging from this venturesome visit among the utterly savage inhabitants of those strange and

that in this beauty spot of the South Pacific he might build a home to serve as headquarters from which to depart and to which to return from his wanderings about the world.

No sooner had the fancy come to him than he set about its execution, and soon he was the owner of more than three hundred acres of

of his family. His earnings from his writings since 1887 had been upwards of fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year, but his hospitable and open-handed mode of life at Vailima and his habitual generosity to friends in need had regularly absorbed nearly the whole of his income.



THE STEVENSON COTTAGE AT SARANAC LAKE

Here the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" lived during the winter of 1887-1888. The property has been acquired by the Stevenson Society of America, and is to be preserved as a literary shrine

wildly wooded land lying in a deep cleft of the mountain at an elevation of about 600 feet above the sea.

In February he went to Sydney to attend to his arrears of correspondence and consider future plans, and again fell seriously ill.

The conclusion was now forced upon him that he must make his home permanently in the Tropics, and starting on the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll* for a fresh sea voyage, he wandered deviously among many of the more remote islands from April to August, leaving the steamer at New Caledonia on her return voyage, and going again to Sydney, where he remained for several weeks. In October he returned to Samoa and his plantation-in-the-making, where the work of clearing and planting had been going on during his eight months' absence.

THE "Vailima Letters" tell in detail the incidents that made up his daily life during the four remaining years of his valiant struggle against illness and the fear of leaving the beloved companion of his wanderings without adequate provision for the future.

That it was a losing struggle began to be borne in upon him in its finality in the year 1893, when he felt his creative power to be definitely waning. The influenza that swept the Islands during the year previous had its run at Vailima, leaving in its wake the usual weakness and depression. The family took a trip to Sydney in February of 1893, hoping to be benefitted from the change of air and scene, but returned to Vailima with their health not much improved, and in April the serious illness of Mrs. Stevenson caused some weeks of the gravest anxiety to her devoted husband.

The only work that Stevenson found himself able to finish during that year was "The Ebb Tide," and that on a plan much abridged from his original intention.

During the spring and summer of 1894 he endured much strain and anxiety for the future

Stevenson had apparently no regard for money—no conception of its value, except as a medium of happiness or convenience for anyone at all who needed or wanted it, and approached him with open hand. He was the most generous man alive—moved to the uttermost depths of pity by any story of misfortune—and delighting moreover to gather about him a company of congenial friends and overwhelm them with hospitality. He was the life of any gathering—anywhere—at any time. Even from his boyhood days he attracted people about him—people of all degrees of life. He walked in a charmed atmosphere—himself the unconscious source of all the charm. During his impecunious days as a young man in the Bohemian quarters of Paris he was often reduced to dwelling in the most lowly, the most obscure lodgings, living among thieves and all sorts of vicious characters who preyed ruthlessly upon the public. Among these denizens of the Parisian underworld he moved at will unscathed, left his few valuables lying carelessly about, and was universally accorded a tender regard. When in funds he shared his good fortune with all around him—when but a few sous stood between him and starvation, he philosophically dined upon chocolate and a roll and wrote odes upon the beauties of a simple life.

Such a man could not seriously apply himself to the grim business of accumulating a competence without doing violence to every impulse of his nature. His vital powers, frail at best, and constantly overtaxed by his cheerful courage, were still further depleted during the last two years of his life by the haunting fear of his inability to carry on to the end. Upon these powers he called relentlessly for one crowning effort in the writing of "Weir of Hermiston"—and so overtaxed them that he fell exhausted before the last milestone had been reached.

On the last day of his life he was hard at work during the forenoon on "Hermiston," and in the afternoon attended to his correspondence and showed the results of his morning's work to his

To Princess Kaiulani*

FORTH from her land to mine she goes,

The island maid, the island rose,

Light of heart and bright of face:

The daughter of a double race.

Her islands here, in Southern sun,

Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,

And I, in her dear banyan shade,

Look vainly for my little maid.

But our Scots islands far away

Shall glitter with unwonted day,

And cast for once their tempests by

To smile in Kaiulani's eye.

HONOLULU.

Written in April to Kaiulani in the April of her age; and at Waikiki, within easy walk of Kaiulani's banyan! When she comes to my land and her father's, and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will), let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home; and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree; and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms; and she will think of her father sitting there alone.—R. L. S.

*From "The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyrighted by Bibliophile Society

little known lands about six months later and arriving toward Christmas of the same year at Samoa—where he wrote his first Polynesian story, entitled "The Bottle Imp." Here he remained for a period of six weeks, enchanted with the scenery and the people, and here his beauty-loving eye was enraptured with the noble outlines and the verdure-clad slopes of Vaea Mountain, towering some 1,600 feet above the bay—and the intriguing fancy came to him

most exacting critic—his wife—who pronounced it to be well done.

He felt that he was making satisfactory progress upon the book—which he judged to be the best he had ever written—and the consciousness of successful effort made him more buoyant,

Till midnight the solemn chants continued, the prolonged, sonorous prayers of the Church of Rome, in commingled Latin and Samoan. Later still, a chief arrived with his retainers, bringing a precious mat to wrap about the dead.

"He, too, knelt and kissed the hand of Tusitala,



TABLET ON STEVENSON'S TOMB

Surely no more fitting inscription could have been chosen than the beautiful and haunting lines of "Requiem," which Stevenson himself wrote

more exuberantly happy than he had been for some time. At about sunset he was helping his wife with some preparations for the evening meal—they being at the time upon the verandah, and he talking gaily, as was his wont—when of a sudden he put both hands to his head and exclaimed quickly, "What's that?" Then, as he asked her "Do I look strange?" fell on his knees beside her.

Helped to the armchair, in the great hall, that once had been his grandfather's, by his wife and body-servant, he immediately lost consciousness, and at ten minutes past eight quietly passed away.

Thus died, beautifully and simply, one of the greatest masters of the written word—one of the greatest Romancers of all literature—one of the finest, sweetest, most loved and gentlest of men.

FOLLOWS now a part of the letter that Lloyd Osbourne (Stevenson's stepson) sent to the intimate friends of the family in Scotland and in England shortly after the passing of the Master of Vailima—a most poignantly beautiful and moving description of the scenes attending his burial on the lofty peak of Vaea Mountain:

"The great Union Jack that flew over the house was hauled down and laid over the body, fit shroud for a loyal Scotsman. He lay in the hall which was ever his pride, where he had passed the gayest and most delightful hours of his life, a noble room with open stairway and mullioned windows. In it were the treasures of his far-off Scottish home; the old carved furniture, the paintings and busts that had been in his father's house before him. The Samoans passed in procession beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand, each in turn, before taking their places for the long night watch beside him. No entreaty could induce them to retire, to rest themselves for the painful and arduous duties of the morrow. It would show little love for Tusitala, they said, if they did not spend their last night beside him. Mournful and silent, they sat in deep dejection, poor, simple, loyal folk, fulfilling the duty they owed their chief.

"A messenger was despatched to a few chiefs connected with the family, to announce the tidings and bid them assemble their men on the morrow for the work there was to do.

"Sosimo (Stevenson's body-servant) asked on behalf of the Roman Catholics that they might be allowed to recite the prayers for the dead.

and took his place amid the sleepless watchers. Another arrived with a fine mat, a man of higher rank, whose incipient consumption had often troubled the Master.

"Talofa, Tusitala!" he said, as he drew nigh and took a long, mournful look at the face he knew so well. When, later on, he was momentarily required on some business of the morrow, he bowed reverently before retiring. 'Tofa, Tusitala!' he said, 'Sleep, Tusitala!'

"The morning of the 4th of December broke cool and sunny, a beautiful day, rare at this season of the year. More fine mats were brought, until the Union Jack lay nigh concealed beneath them. Among the newcomers was an old Mataafa chief, one of the builders of the 'Road of the Loving Hearts,' a man who had spent many days in prison for participation in the rebellion. 'I am only a poor Samoan, and ignorant,' said he as he crouched beside the body. 'Others are rich and can give Tusitala the parting presents of rich fine mats; I am poor and can

give nothing this last day he receives his friends. Yet I am not afraid to come and look the last time in my friend's face, never to see him more till we meet with God. Behold! Tusitala is dead; Mataafa is also dead to us. These two great friends have been taken by God. When Mataafa was taken, who was our support but Tusitala? We were in prison, and he cared for us. We were sick, and he made us well. We were hungry, and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness. You are great people and full of love. Yet who among you is so great as Tusitala? What is your love to his love? Our clan was Mataafa's clan, for whom I speak this day; therein was Tusitala also. We mourn them both.'

"A meeting of chiefs was held to apportion the work and divide the men into parties. Fifty were sent with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep face of the mountain, and the writer himself led another party to the summit—men chosen from the immediate family—to dig the grave on a spot where it was Mr. Stevenson's wish that he should lie. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the narrow ledge that forms the summit of Vaea, a place no wider than a room and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left, green mountains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest. Two hundred years ago the eyes of another man turned towards that same peak of Vaea, as the spot that should ultimately receive his war-worn body: Soalu, a famous chief.

"All the morning Samoans were arriving with flowers; few of these were white, for they have not learned our foreign custom, and the room glowed with the many colors. There were no strangers on that day, no acquaintances; those only were called who would deeply feel the loss. At one o'clock a body of powerful Samoans bore away the coffin, hid beneath a tattered red ensign that had flown above his vessel in many a remote corner of the South Seas. A path so steep and rugged taxed their strength to the utmost, for not only was the journey difficult in itself, but extreme care was requisite to carry the coffin shoulder-high.

"Half an hour later the rest of his friends followed. It was a formidable ascent, and tried them hard. Nineteen Europeans and some sixty Samoans reached the summit. After a short rest the Rev. W. E. Clarke read the burial service of the Church of England, interposing a prayer that Mr. Stevenson had written and had read aloud to his family only the evening before his death:

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

To Kalakaua*

(WITH THE GIFT OF A PEARL)

THE Silver Ship, my King—that was her name

In the bright islands whence your fathers came—

The Silver Ship, at rest from winds and tides,
Below your palace in your harbour rides:

And the seafarers, sitting safe on shore,
Like eager merchants count their treasures o'er.

One gift they find, one strange and lovely thing,

Now doubly precious since it pleased a king.

The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre
For bards to give to kings what kings admire.

'Tis mine to offer for Apollo's sake;

And since the gift is fitting, yours to take.

To golden hands the golden pearl I bring:

The ocean jewel to the island king.

HONOLULU, Feb. 3; 1889.

Verses written by Robert Louis Stevenson to accompany the gift of a pearl to King Kalakaua, who was himself a poet in his own strange tongue, and who delighted to do great honor to the white-skinned maker of rhymes from the lands beyond the sea.

*From "The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson," published by Charles Scribner's Sons
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New England's "Thinking Machine"

In Boston was born the man who has so strikingly demonstrated the infinite possibilities of developing mental activity. Noted financial authority—the possessor of one of the most accurately functioning brains in the country

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that Clarence Walker Barron is a political and business prophet who has retained both honor and fame in his own country. A distinguished financial editor, he seems to sense the pulse of the nation. Like a good doctor, he diagnoses, then writes a prescription that when properly filled and administered offers relief and does away with many of its political and business ills.

Although Mr. Barron is an acknowledged authority on finance, his real vocation is, and has always been, that of journalist and interviewer. After service as a reporter and financial editor on the *Boston Transcript* he launched the now popular *Boston News Bureau* in 1875. It was the first paper of its kind in the country, for C. W. Barron innovates and never imitates. He seemed to have an uncanny way of getting at the real nub of the day's happenings. For the first time really worth-while financial news was distributed to Boston business men and financiers from minute to minute—a veritable ticker of the world's tidings. His explanations of movements during the great period of expansion and construction in the whirlpool of finance were of inestimable value.

While Mr. Barron is about the liveliest man of his size in the world, he keeps on his feet. At political conventions and meetings of financiers he suggests and talks face to face with kings and emperors. His genius as a reporter has served him well in his wide travels.

My biographic notes indicate that Clarence Walker Barron, the son of a truckman, known on Commercial Street as Honest Henry Barron, was born in Boston. He graduated from English High School in Boston in 1873, won the coveted Franklin Medal and took an advanced course in 1874.

Shorthand experience as an assistant to a court reporter made his first assignment as a newspaper man, to report a meeting of the Social Science Association founded by Henry Villard, a veritable triumph. The meeting was held shortly after the panic of 1873; Wendell Phillips there delivered his most impressive discourse on finance. This meeting was dismissed by the other reporters as too deep for them, and they wrote it up in a paragraph. It was not beyond young Barron. He took the discussion in shorthand, sat up half the night transcribing the notes and wrote two columns on "Wendell Phillips on Finance." The whole edition was sold in a very few minutes.

His blue eyes were ever alert then, as they are now. He once noticed cracks were appearing in a large building in the course of construction. He went right at the matter to find the cause and wrote a story about it. The newspaper had to apologize for his statements, but a new foundation was provided for the building. Later in life it was he who exposed the fact that the Santa Fe Railroad, in which New England had heavily

invested, was bankrupt. The news made a sensation. He also prophesied the disaster that came to the old New York & New England.

All through his life he seems to have had foresight worthy of his reputation as a prophet. His judgment in matters of state has been valuable to many a statesman. He personally urged President Harding to put Vice-President Coolidge in the Cabinet, knowing the value of such a step. When the late President acceded to his request, he wrote, on August 3, 1923:

"The country will be grateful to President Harding for his action in this respect. The placing of Vice-President Coolidge in the Cabinet was unselfish, broad-minded, and patriotic, and his example should be the rule for future Presidents."

"Calvin Coolidge is known throughout the world for law and order, and stands for the best that has built up the United States."

"The business interests of the country will go up behind him as they went up behind Harding."

Early recognizing the tremendous ability behind the silent reserve of the Vice-President, when Harding passed away, he wrote an article on "Calvin Coolidge, The Man of Destiny," in which he said:

"He has the right kind of mettle to guide this country in the many complicated problems that now confront the world. He never made a mistake in action or public utterances on economic questions."

"No man is better fitted or better equipped to lead the United States in its present commanding position before the whole world."

After the death of Harding and shortly after the conventions, he stated in an interview that Coolidge would be elected by a ten million plurality. The prophecy was laughed at—thought a wild utterance, but with his characteristic insistence he stuck to it. After he had made a trip through the West, he was asked if he didn't have some modification to make, but he still insisted on the ten million.

Clarence Barron was an "amateur" compositor at the case in his early youth and knows not only how words are put into type, and their value, but how they can be made to say things that are replete with meaning. As owner and editor of the *Boston News Bureau*, the *Philadelphia News*, and the *Wall Street Journal*, he has for thirty-five years maintained his unique and distinctive place in American financial journalism. His "Wall Street Sermons" are financial essays.

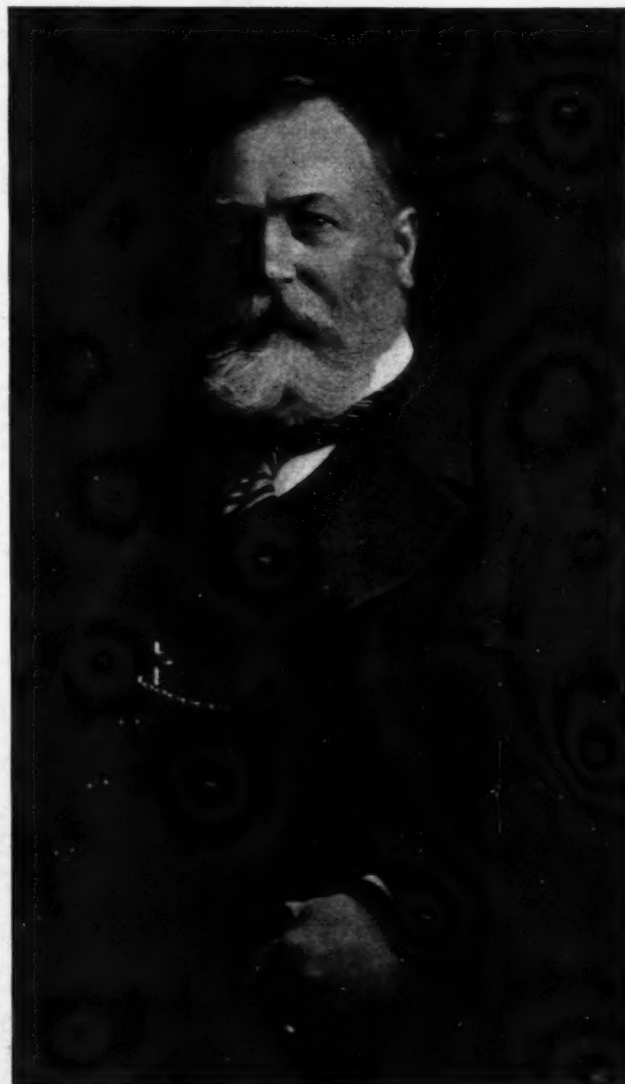


Photo by Garo

CLARENCE W. BARRON, noted authority on world finance, renowned journalist and interviewer, adviser of statesmen and political leaders, dairy farmer, founder of the first financial journal in America, editor and publisher of the *Boston "News Bureau,"* the *"Philadelphia News"* and the *"Wall Street Journal."* For thirty-five years a unique and striking figure in American financial journalism

Two dominating characteristics are his vision and prophecy, but back of all this is a life of study and observation. He has gone to the fundamentals of every problem as it has come to his attention. His books, "Twenty-eight Essays on the Federal Reserve Act," "The Mexican Problem," "War Finance as Viewed from the Roof of the World in Switzerland," and "A World Re-making, or Peace Finance," are a veritable encyclopedia and analysis of the financial thought of his time.

With a mind working like a trip-hammer, every waking moment C. W. Barron is seeking and digesting information. In the quietude of his home on Beacon Street, Boston, his eighteen telephones keep him in constant touch with every point of the compass, and his every thought seems to keep step with the news of the world.

Taking very little for granted, he is known as one of the world's keenest hunters of facts. When there's trouble his one thought is to find the cause. I have seen him in political conventions asking questions of leaders and with his keen eye following the expression on the face of the person answering. As expert stenographer, his little notebooks in his vest pockets, filled with shorthand notes, are, perhaps, the most valuable and interesting collection of hieroglyphics ever gathered in the world.

With a purpose to know why things happen and to prepare himself and others for their happening, it is no wonder that C. W. Barron leads in the news under the glass dome of the "news ticker," in the offices and homes of business men. By this little machine that turns out yards and yards of paper strips, printed by electricity, and the aid of his army of messenger boys, he keeps the business world informed of swift-moving and highly important events.

After the war, and during the period of deflation his one ringing slogan was "Production." He was an optimist and maintained that the population of the United States was interested in making business hum. As he said at the time:

"Twenty-two million investors had their savings deflected into government bonds, and this means a close, substantial financial interest in the government of the United States."

The records show that his prediction as to a return to sane and conservative government later proved correct.

Reading the future through bank clearings and the law of action and reaction in commodity prices, he foresees important events in the news recorded in the unimportant parts of his daily papers.

"After all," said Mr. Barron, leaning back with his arms in his vest pits, "the important news of the world is usually in three-line paragraphs and rarely under glaring headlines. One line may report snow in a certain state, but it speaks volumes to the men interested in the outlook of the wheat crop. It may influence millions in commitments. The death of an unknown man who was the silent brain, soul, and dynamo of some great company may not seem much to the average reader, but it may mean millions to investors."

In his own peculiar way he arrives at the financial "rating" of business men or corporations. In commenting on the fundamentals of this system, and of finance in general, Mr. Barron has said:

"A man's credit is rated not simply according to what he is worth, but is influenced also by what he is; how he is utilizing his money, talents, and time; what his family, church and social relations are; whether he is wasting himself in

any way, or whether he is developing himself and his business earnestly, honestly, industrially."

Rating character as well as assets, profits, power and other more material things, he considers Wall Street the greatest credit market in the world and ties up his theory of rating with the action of matters there. The value of securities, he believes, is in the last analysis based upon human relations and character. The trend of affairs in Wall Street, he declares, shows how thousands of the best minds throughout the world reflect, by their buying and selling, their judgment as to what is likely to happen in the business world months later. Likewise Mr. Barron keeps in constant touch with public opinion and events at Washington, because the government has become a very important factor in its effect upon business.

"A man dealing in stocks and bonds watches money rates as his thermometer. Stiffening rates reflect expansion in activity, but when money becomes dear, it is a red light indicating that the breaking point is not far off. Low

money rates indicate dull times, but lead to revival in business."

Business and finance do not absorb all the attention of Clarence W. Barron. His hobby is his dairy farm, where he has more than three hundred head of cattle. One ambition of his life is to put dairy farming in New England, and the production of the highest standard of certified milk, on a paying basis. The only official position which he has held in life is that of vice-president of the Certified Milk Producers' Association of America.

Although within a year of being three score and ten, the activity of C. W. Barron is a marvel to his associates; his activities outside of business hours are not entirely sedentary. Although he is an omnivorous reader and spends much of his leisure hours in the library, he is also an enthusiastic yachtsman and can tack and reef with the best of them.

He values the use of time as above money and in making and saving time, few men have lived and made every minute count more effectively. Every waking hour he is thinking. His recreation is to change the direction of his thoughts and out of this has come that clear-visioned philosophy and capacity for prophecy that startles—and yet is but its logical consequence.

The relation of capital and labor are to him simple and well-defined. Neither Capital nor Labor, he declares can live "sufficient unto itself."

"Capital," he says, "is nothing but accumulated labor in the form of machinery and tools, and when people sow seeds of discord, politically and socially, so as to disrupt the teamwork of Labor and Capital, then one starves, the other goes into hiding, and disaster is rendered inevitable. Capital cannot oppress Labor without disaster to itself. Whenever Labor seeks to crush Capital, or Capital seeks to crush Labor, the result is industrial suicide."

In his paper, *Barron's Weekly*, he gives expression to the philosophic fruitage of his unusual career. When he comments he has back of him the information and the knowledge that furnishes the power of his thought and expression. He is ceaselessly using his eyes and ears; he will never cease to be a reporter in the highest sense of the word, gathering information to disseminate to others. What a service that means!

Equipped mentally to gather a perspective of world movements, which to many are a mere jumble, he watches the thermometers in all parts of the world, for he insists:

"Practically all the wealth in the world comes from the sun and through the soil by labor. Crops have more to do than any other thing with the determination of good times or bad times, because they involve billions of dollars. We are dealing in billions nowadays instead of millions. Our national income is twenty-five billions. We have half the world's wealth and half the world's income and are only six per cent of the world's population.

"That is why the railroads are so important. They carry the crops, the food supply of the world that stands between nations and starvation. It is a matter of each season's production and man's ability to conserve and provide store-houses for emergency."

Although Mr. Barron acknowledges the wonders of his times, he believes that they are far less wonderful than the times to come.

"I have lived in a wonderful age, but there are more ages to follow," said Clarence Barron as he took out his pencil and made a note that had flashed into his mind betimes.

A Group of Songs

By THEODOSIA PEARCE

TO ONE FALLEN

(Written for Armistice Day, November 11, 1923)

THERE were no thorns upon his brow,
No long steep way to Calvary;
Yet Christ—he gave the same as Thee
His life for all humanity.

There was no cross against the sky,
Not one was he of Trinity;
Yet Christ—he lives the same as Thee
For Man's most high divinity.

COURAGE

HELP me to cheer—O Soul
On that glad day,
When rank upon rank amassing,
The brave return;
Help me to cheer them in passing.

Help me to see—O Soul
On that glad day,
In proud ecstasy breathless
My brave march by,
One of the army forever deathless.

A LULLABY

CLOSE your eyes my little one,
Dusk has fallen, day is done;
High the stars are shining bright,
Lo—the fairies flock the night,
Singing softly where they pass,
You can hear them in the grass—
Close your eyes, my little one,
Dusk has fallen, day is done.
Sweetest dreams will take your hand
Guide you far to Slumberland,
You can see them waiting by
Where the longest shadows lie;
Close your eyes, my little one,
Dusk has fallen—day is done.

MY WHITE HEART

DARK has folded me around—
Dense and drear the night;
Love will lead me out at last,
My white light.

In the skies a single star
Far and faintly gleams;
Love will point me to the light—
My white dreams.

From the east the dawn steals on
Soft the shadows start;
Love will take me to your side—
My white heart.

World Advertisers Get Together

Colonel Rhinelander Waldo gives a banquet on Armistice Day to a distinguished company of men whose names are known wherever newspapers and magazines are read—whose fame extends around the world

IT began much as the average New York dinner party generally does. Coats were solemnly checked, neckties adjusted, a "hello" here and there, and a nibble of caviar. Many of the guests had never met before, although they were more or less familiar with the work and achievement of each other. There were no formal introductions. The host was Colonel Rhinelander Waldo, whose life activities cover a range from service in the Philippines to the management of the Coolidge Non-Partisan League in 1924. Over a million people attended his meetings in New York, Chicago and St. Louis. It was Colonel Waldo who arranged the breakfast for the theatrical people at the White House for President Coolidge, and later led the expedition of advertising men to Washington. The absence of formality and the interest of the guests in each other was unusual, for the dinner companions included men who had achieved something unusual. Decorated with autumn leaves and flowers, the table was supplied with food such as is only known at the Ritz, yet all this had little to do with the occasion. There was no feeling of strangeness when they sat down at the table. Two people sitting side by side who may have never met before enjoyed the zest of making a new acquaintance and finding a common interest to talk about. The dead level of conventionality was missing, for there was anticipation, even as the flashlight was taken, to know something more about the "other fellow."

Colonel Waldo sounded the welcome in a simple and unaffected expression of love and friendship for Commissioner of Police Richard E. Enright—his successor after many years—who was a guest of honor. The response was evidence that men *do* love each other with an affection that defies analysis. The Commissioner in turn responded with a sincere and loving introductory biography of Sir Thomas Lipton, another guest of honor, and so this memorable circle of new friends began to take form. The famous Sportsman-Knight of Merry Old England responded in turn with biographic references to others. The circle was welded with talk about "folks" in this practical day of "mere things," which is again unusual.

Sir Thomas definitely announced that he was challenging for the International Yachting Cup. His challenge was an expression of cordial international relationships. The spirit of real sportsmanship dominated. "In all the races the Americans have been more than fair, and it will be a supreme achievement to win honors from such competitors," said Sir Thomas. Then followed a tribute to the United States, where he landed an immigrant at the age of seventeen, and made the beginnings of his notable career. His beautiful tribute to his mother as the guiding star of his life was yet another phase in the remarks of the dinner that veered the discussions toward a mellow tone of experience, and even

the yacht race was forgotten in the side-light flashes of personal reminiscence.

One by one the speeches assumed a varied, and at times, dramatic touch. From rollicking humor to a tragedy of war as related by General Traub who commanded a fighting division in France after a rigorous training in the Philippines. His story of the American soldier who won his single-handed battle with the Moro (the greatest fighters the Americans ever faced) on to the scene in the Argonne where this same soldier who won his fight in the Philippines had not forgotten the lesson he learned in the death grapple with the Moro, and pushed the bayonet through his own body that he might strike a fatal blow to his adversary. The dying German, lying by the side of the dead American in the Argonne, told the story of the legion of locked horns.

Lights and shadows, philosophy and poetry, colloquialisms and some business banter, all indicating how closely allied are the activities of men the world over. Reduced to a common denominator, the drift was keyed by Walter Scott, who closed by quoting "Bobbie" Burns' "A man's a man for a' o' that." "Brithers we" became the text in the exchange of experiences. It was a startling discovery to find how such widely varied careers touched at common points. It was like spending the day on deck on a steamer sailing dreamily over southern seas. Everyone was interested in the tid-bits of biography threaded through all the talks.

A high note was struck by Edward F. Albee in his recital of incidents in a career full of adventure, from the time when he was a cash boy and later when he traveled with Barnum's Circus, on to the present day when he directs the amusement in 1,400 theatres. He has built beautiful theatres, veritable temples of amusement. They are more than places of entertainment, they have the atmosphere of the home and the club and are filled with treasures of art which Mr. Albee has purchased to share with his patrons the enjoyment of the work of the Masters. The spirit of helpfulness and humility and yet the uncompromising adherence to ideals and principles made his remarks a sweeping survey of world conditions. He insisted that it was not difficult to follow the teachings and example of Christ. "Racial and religious prejudice are phases of the same intolerance that has kept apart employer and employee, capital and labor, from the full measure of their own happiness as well as their own prosperity," observed Mr. Albee. "Envy, temper and vanity are still causing trouble in the world, but are today under better control than ever before." Mr. Albee's speech seems to have given a spiritual tone to the discussion.

Barron Collier, whose activities have been in broadcasting street car advertising in every city, town and hamlet in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and who, as a member of Police Commissioner Enright's Citizen Staff

has made "Safety First" a popular theme, is one of those busy men who are not afraid to add just a little more to the day's work. In his calm manner he outlined what a well-charted plan could accomplish coupled with dynamic force in helping the Boy Scouts of America, managing Luna Park, or owning a whole county in the State of Florida and planning a railroad to serve that county (Collier County).

The toastmaster called upon Joe Mitchell Chapple, just returned from Baghdad, to furnish a flashlight picture comparing scenes in the land of the Arabian Nights with the present American Nights. In Jerusalem the Golden he had found a Lipton tea store, radiating cozy comfort for the people in the Promised Land. In the dim light of Oriental civilization he felt that he had seen the dawn of a Golden Era for all the world.

In introducing William H. Rankin, the host suggested that some one might summarize the talks: "And we have with us one of the leading advertising men in America—in fact, in the world—William H. Rankin. There are two other great advertising men here also, but I have never been able to get either of them to make a speech. These are modest advertising men! Whenever I have asked Mr. Rankin to speak, he has always replied, 'Frank Harwood is the man to do it.' But Mr. Harwood says, 'No, Mr. Rankin is the man,' and when I get them together they both agree that Mr. G. T. Hodges of the *Sun* is the best speaker. Now I am going to let you men judge whether or not Mr. Rankin can make a speech."

"Every man here tonight is a good advertising man," proclaimed Mr. Rankin vigorously, "first, for himself, and second, for the products he sells. Sir Thomas Lipton, I believe, is the world's greatest advertiser. When he speaks or when he is interviewed he knows how to advertise himself, his firm, and Lipton's teas. In his splendid address he told us that his guiding star has always been his good mother. Sir Thomas knows and appreciates the value of having a good mother, and because he does, he knows how to appeal to every mother in this land. It is the mothers who buy Lipton's teas, coffee, cocoa, and other Lipton products. It is his great sportsmanship that appeals to every young son or daughter in America and molds public opinion in 25,000,000 homes in favor of Sir Thomas Lipton. Do you wonder, then, that Lipton's Teas are the most popular in the homes of America? They make good because their qualities match those of Sir Thomas, and the result is a steadily increased sale of Lipton's products."

"Commissioner Enright is a good advertiser because he is continually advertising the good qualities of the New York Police Department. Nor does he stop there—he advertises to the world at large all that is good in New York. Ten men like Commissioner Enright would make New



GUESTS OF COLONEL RHINELANDER WALDO AT A BANQUET GIVEN ON ARMISTICE DAY

Left to right seated: (1) Herman Metz, (2) Walter Scott, (3) William H. Rankin, (4) Sir Thomas Lipton, (5) Colonel Rhinelander Waldo, (6) Police Commissioner Richard Enright, (7) Edward F. Albee, (8) Barron Collier, (9) Ernest Fahnestock; standing: (1) J. B. Greenhut, (2) G. T. Hodges, (3) William Griffin, (4) Colonel Frank Lawton, (5) Kilean Van Ranselaer, (6) Joe Mitchell Chapple, (7) Frank W. Harwood, (8) Edward Sykes, (9) General Peter Traub

York the best advertised city in the world—and New York needs good advertising.

"Mr. Albee has told us a wonderful advertising and sales story. He has advertised and sold his own good qualities to his own employees and to all vaudeville actors and actresses. He has made them believe they are as good as he is, and his talk on the humility of employers was almost Christ-like. In turn, these actors and actresses have improved their work and found greater favor not only in America (where Mr. Albee has 1,400 theatres), but in Europe and around the world. First, Mr. Albee gave generously, and then, in turn, received. The public responded, and the patronage at Keith's Theatres brought about by Mr. Albee's advertising, brought back, many fold, the money he invested in improving the moral and living standard of all the actors and actresses he came in contact with. Like Sir Thomas' advertising, it paid, and as Mr. Albee has so well said: 'In the end it really cost nothing.' Mr. Albee, I congratulate you!

"Mr. Barron Collier's talk was most interesting to me. While he was lighting the street lamps of Memphis, Tennessee, I was lighting the gas lamps of New Albany, Indiana, and strange to relate, in 1907 I became Mr. Collier's Western Manager at \$6,000 a year. He is a great man, successful in a dozen lines of business, a master

advertising man, and a glorious example to the youth of this land whom he is helping by acting as head of the Boy Scouts of America. Street car advertising success, nationally, is entirely due to Barron Collier.

"In 1924 advertising and advertising men came into their own. The London Convention (for which the advertising men in this room now were largely responsible) brought us recognition from all the leading statesmen in Great Britain and France. The Prince of Wales opened our Convention; King George and Queen Mary entertained us at Buckingham Palace; the President of France received us and entertained us royally, and the fifteen nations represented at the Convention formed a League of International Advertising Interests, and signed a resolution that will have as much to do with the peace, prosperity and business of the world as the other International meeting held in London the following week to adopt the Dawes plan.

"And then, through the courtesy of our host, Colonel Waldo, advertising men in America received the highest possible compliment. Fifty of them were invited to a breakfast at the White House with President and Mrs. Coolidge. We advertising men are very proud of our calling and the recognition it has received in 1924.

Finally, gentlemen, it has never been my pleasure to hear a more eloquent, earnest, human appeal than that delivered by Joe Mitchell Chapple, describing his trip to Jerusalem, Palestine, the great desert and to Baghdad and back again."

William H. Griffin, the young vice-president of the American Press Association, whose successful career is a tribute to youth and achievement, presented the resolution signed by fifty prominent advertising men, thanking Colonel Waldo for his splendid leadership in their work on the campaign and alluding to the visit to President Coolidge at the White House, which brought American advertisers to know Calvin Coolidge as a brother advertiser, ever ready to proclaim "Truth" as the fundamental in national development and prosperity.

Herman Metz, the former Comptroller of New York, who will always be known as New York's most famous comptroller, indulged in that form of eloquence which was most pleasing and effective during his public career—brief and to the point: "Your pay is raised." He seemed to understand the psychology of the pay envelope and its relation to service.

Colonel Ben Greenhut, one of the oldest friends of Sir Thomas present, harked back to the days of Queen Victoria when Thomas Lipton, the tea merchant, untitled and comparatively unknown

Continued on page 222

A Warwick from the Southland

Campbell Bascom Slemple, from "the Republican Oasis of the South," captures the attention of Washington and the country by the evidences of his political astuteness

WHETHER shrewdness in politics inevitably means statesmanship, it is hard to classify Campbell Bascom Slemple, secretary to President Calvin Coolidge and co-director of the Coolidge-Dawes campaign, as a politician and not perceive in his make-up the qualities of the statesman. Coming from that "Republican Oasis of the South," as his father once classed it, he has held from the beginning of his career in public life a commanding position in the party ranks, and when great problems of party policy have burst on the leaders he has readily assumed leadership through his wise counsel and resultant success, so much so that the progress of the 1924 campaign soon found him in the forefront of the Republican party. It was his wise counsel and indefatigable energy which brought harmony in the party ranks for the renomination of President Coolidge, and it was his far vision which started the campaign on a successful opening.

Mr. Slemple's career has been unique among his colleagues. He was the son of a shrewd political leader and readily inherited the experience of his father and brought to it the wisdom which a bright observer would gain through the turmoil of a successful political achievement.

Campbell Bascom Slemple, the son of Colonel Campbell Slemple, was born in Turkey Cove, Lee County, Virginia, September 4, 1870, five years after the hostilities between the North and the South had ceased, yet his own country lay prostrate, devastated by war and torn by political dissension.

His home was in the gap where Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia meet, the extreme southwestern stretch of the Old Dominion. It was a section of the South that refused to join in secession and gave 150,000 men to the Union cause. It was without railroads at his birth, for the Louisville & Nashville had not penetrated from the west, the Norfolk & Western had not descended from the northeast, and the Southern had not pushed westward from the east. The people of the section, of Revolutionary stock and Scotch-Irish descent, followed agricultural pursuits and had grown independent in thought and strong in convictions, for they were a God-fearing honest people. Colonel Campbell Slemple had inherited the landed estates of his father, Sebastian Smith Slemple, and was a prosperous young cattle raiser and grazer when the war clouds broke in 1860. Organizing a company of troops in his home community, he placed his services with the Confederacy and was sent to repel an invasion, through the Kentucky Gap from the north. Here he met and drove back Colonel James A. Garfield, later president of the United States, and his Ohio troops. Returning then to his home he organized the 64th Regiment and was commissioned a colonel and saw service in the Gap, defending it from raids from the north and from the south, for it was between the lines, until his company surrendered to General

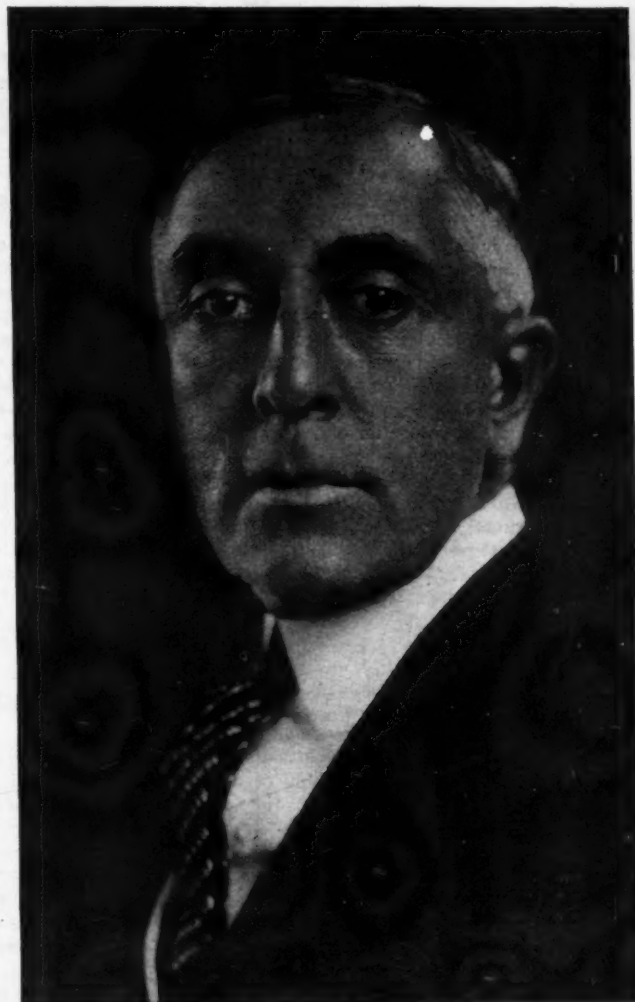
Frazier at the close of the war and he was given parole.

After the war Colonel Campbell Slemple took up the work of reconstruction in his home section. He had married Nina B. Cawood, of Kentucky, during the war and besides his duties on the farm he taught the neighborhood school during the winter months. His home was far removed from any market and the cattle and horses raised in that section were driven to the Baltimore market. This led to the development of the industry of stock drovers, men who bought stock in the community, grazed it on their own and leased lands, and in the fall drove it over the long journey to market. In such an avocation Campbell Slemple was engaged when Campbell Bascom Slemple was born.

In 1880, Colonel Campbell Slemple, who was an ardent Democrat, was elected to the House of Virginia Delegates, and on taking his seat became a member of the state debt "Readjuster Party" of Democrats led by William Mahone, H. H. Riddleberger and John H. Massie. Their fight at Richmond for readjustment of the state debt led to a break in the Democratic party and the placing in the field of an independent ticket with Mahone for governor and Slemple for lieutenant-governor. They were disastrously defeated and Slemple retired to private life, became a member of the Republican party, and shunned offers of public honor until 1902, when he was elected to Congress from the 9th Virginia District, defeating the brilliant William F. Rhea. During his second term in Congress he died, and at a special election held December 17, 1907, his son Campbell Bascom Slemple was elected his successor, defeating Hon. David F. Bailey, independent Republican, by 6,752 votes.

The life training of Campbell Bascom Slemple eminently fitted him for leadership in his party when he was lifted up to power in its councils. He had been reared in the country far away from a center of population and bore the sturdy nature of the hills about him. He worked on the

farm and attended the country schools. His life partook of the natural elements which surrounded his community. When his father went to the House of Delegates he took his son with him, although but eleven years of age, and had him



CAMPBELL BASCOM SLEMPLE, while a Southerner and a Republican, numbers his friends and admirers by the thousand among both of the two great political parties—and has acquired as great a reputation for ability and acumen in the North as in the South

appointed a page, where he served through two terms of the assembly. Here the boy learned the ways of the politician and saw the clashes of public opinion. Here he saw the great problems of reconstruction fought out on the hustings and in legislative halls.

AT the age of sixteen years, Campbell Bascom Slemple gained a cadetship at Virginia Military Institute where he soon took rank and

graduated in four years, at the age of twenty, with honors.

Returning to southwestern Virginia, he was appointed commandant of cadets at Marion Military Institute, where he served for one year and resigned to accept the post of Adjutant Professor of Mathematics at Virginia Military Institute. It was in this capacity that he was called upon to render services to his country during the Spanish-American War when he placed himself at the head of a company of volunteers, but he did not see service at the front, the war having been too brief for the full army to get into action.

In 1901 Mr. Slemph resigned from the faculty of Virginia Military Institute and returned to Big Stone Gap where he opened law offices, he having studied law at Washington and Lee University while connected with the Military Institute. He was elected president of the Slemph Coal Company and the Hamilton Realty Company, the railroad building into his community having brought great development of the coal and mineral lands of that section and his father's holdings being vast, brought to him much business. He took an active interest in politics and in 1905 was elected state chairman of the Republican party. When his father died two years later he was the logical successor to the office which the elder Slemph had occupied for a brief period with great distinction. To this office he was successively elected to 1922, when he declined to stand for re-election, expressing the desire to retire to his private business, and in November of that year he saw the Democrats recapture the district after being out for more than twenty years. In each of his campaigns for re-election to Congress, Slemph had pitted against him one of the ablest men in the Democratic party in the state, with all the prestige and influence which they could bring into the campaign, and each time alike he came out victor. It has been said that in the 9th District Slemph made governors for the Democratic party. Henry C. Stuart and E. Lee Trinkle were two of his defeated opponents, afterwards honored by the Democrats of the state. In the councils of

the Republican party in the state all looked to Slemph as their natural leader and for twenty years they elected him their state chairman. He was their delegate to the national conventions and national committeeman from the state. He soon took a high place in the councils of the party in the nation. In the campaign of 1920 he was made campaign manager for the southeastern section of the country and was greatly responsible for the overwhelming victory of Harding at the polls. This victory made Slemph the natural patronage arbiter for this vast section of the country in which the Democrats hold the power and gave him great influence in the direction of the affairs of the Republican party, after it assumed the control of the government again.

IN Congress, Slemph was the constant director in the party policy on big issues and measures and stood high on his committee. He was a member of the Appropriations Committee and chairman of the Post Office Appropriation Subcommittee, thereby having control of the Post Office Appropriation Bill in committee, hearings and on the floor of the House.

Slemph was the only member of the Virginia delegation favoring extending the right of suffrage to women when that measure came up in Congress, and he backed the Wilson Democratic administration in all of its war measures and was one of the first and most constant advocates of the soldiers' compensation act; fought for passage of the measure over the veto of President Harding and, although the Secretary of President Coolidge, advocated the passage of the measure over his veto.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice Congressman Slemph made a trip over the battlefields of Europe and wrote of his observations and impressions, his articles being carried by a number of metropolitan newspapers. His knowledge of military life and tactics and interest as a legislator made his reports of special value for publication.

When President Coolidge came into office at the death of President Harding, there was wide-

spread agitation for relief for the President from the heavy burdens of the office, which it was claimed were in a measure responsible for the death of President Harding. President Coolidge and his party leaders looked about them and soon united on Slemph for the post of Secretary to the President, a new post to take the political and business cares of the office from the shoulders of the President. It was something new for a President to go south of the Potomac for so important a lieutenant since the war between the States, but this he did and how wisely he selected has best had its demonstration by the results which he has attained. Slemph was a directing power before the Cleveland convention, was on the ground during the convention, and was made jointly responsible for the conduct of the campaign after the nominations were made.

Mr. Slemph has ever been loyal to his friends and numbers his associates in private life alike in both parties. Democrats have gone to him for counsel, advice and assistance in matters that affect their particular section of the country. They have given him their hearty indorsement in urging appointment of high officials where their particular section of the country was to be affected by such appointment. When a circuit judge was to be named and it was known that Mr. Slemph had recommended the appointment of Judge Waddill, of Richmond, for this post, the entire Virginia delegation in Congress, all Democrats with the exception of Slemph, went to the White House, and headed by Senator Claude A. Swanson and Representative Andrew J. Montague, a former governor of the state, called on President Harding and pressed the appointment, which was immediately made.

It is in this manner that he has held the confidence of his own party associates and won the esteem of his party opponents in the conduct of the affairs of the important offices with which he has been entrusted. It was on this principle that he worked in the midst of one of the most strenuous political campaigns in the history of the country, which scored such an amazing success in November.

QUEER people, these Americans! What obscenities and assinnities will we not cheerfully stomach—provided always we are assured that the dose is a "strong moral lesson" or "a powerful sermon" against something or other. Certain gentlemen have waxed Croesus-rich in the past decade by publishing a magazine of luridly meretricious tales—all true, true with the sledgehammer veracity of life itself. These same tales are clumsily pornographic and, for the knowing, wink the sly eye behind their cheese-cloth veils. But the magazine sells like hot-cakes, perhaps, because it is writ large all over the pages that "every story carries a lesson and helps keep the young foot from the primrose path," etc., etc. All this beating about to enable us the better to peep into "Abie's Irish Rose-bush."

As a play it is the most wobbly, dreary and hoakum-drenched gimcrack ever seen on any stage. It is slightly less subtle than a kick on the trousers-seat and far less moving. The sporadic patches of very low comedy are always immediately dissipated into farce of the grade we used to roar over in the naughty nineties—in Keokuk at The Star and Garter Burlesque House. It is cheap, frowsy, all adrip with the sentimentality of the movies at their very worst. Our dramatic critics from Mr. Nathan down, when they reviewed the show, fairly panted for

The Flower in Drama

want of excoriating adjectives to describe it. The vile thing is so bad that five or six road companies and a New York company cannot dish it up with sufficient rapidity for the clamoring maws of the dear public.

The Rose bloomed for three full weeks to packed houses in Erie, Pennsylvania, where Buster Keaton playing Romeo to Ann Pennington's Juliet couldn't make expenses for more than three nights. The Rose unfolded its cardboard petals for nine extra matinees during the past holiday season.

Why, oh why, does "Abie's Irish Rose" blissfully round out its second year of affluence in New York City, where there ain't no ten commandments (except Cecil de Mille's), and the Shuberts can raise theater-rent at will? Why does this particular bit of fromage persist when innumerable plays superior to it, even as sheer hoakum, have been relegated long since to Cain's warehouse? The obvious answer is: because it is chiefly concerned with two races comfortably well represented in New York City. But why then does it cause Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Washington, D. C., Erie and Montreal to vibrate in appreciative ecstasy?

The problem is an abstruse one and perhaps incapable of solution. But we'll stake whatever tiny reputation we possess on the hypothesis that the Rose blooms perennially because once or twice the slapstick is held in abeyance, the "intrigue" comes to a dull and sickening halt while two phony gents (one with a beard), allegedly a rabbi and a priest, solemnly intone the "moral message" of the play: "Religious and racial prejudice is not good. God loves us all, no matter in what form we worship him, etc., *ad nauseam*."

Coming as it does from amidst the atmosphere of burlesque-show hilarity, the "message" is in excruciatingly poor taste and reminiscent of the drunk's temporary melancholia evoked by a mammy-song.

Withal, the "sermon" and the rest of the play seems to grip an audience down to its vital vitals. Strong men and noble women possessing all the outward manifestations of sanity chuckle, giggle, laugh, roar and snifle sympathetically at the proper moments.

Some day ten or a dozen years from now when the Rose has got well-launched into its New York run we shall revisit it and, in the light of our matured critical faculties, attempt to determine more precisely just why so airless a balloon stays afloat so gallantly.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

THE appointment of Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis was mentioned by Senator Owen of Oklahoma from the platform of the Democratic National Convention as proof of the fact that racial or religious belief has no place in public affairs.

In the serenity of the Supreme Court room Louis Dembitz Brandeis has the same calm look as when in the upheaval of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigations in 1910—which brought him national fame—he refused to get excited.

After graduating from the high school in Louisville, Kentucky, the city of his birth, in November, 1856, he went to St. Louis and later began the practice of law. The clients were slow in coming. A year later he felt the call eastward and located in Boston. Combined with his practice, he was counsel in many public hearings, serving as assistant counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1913. From that

Walking down Pennsylvania Avenue to his home at Stonleigh Court, day after day, Louis Brandeis has before him many of the same problems as when he appeared as advocate and counsellor in his early life.

"As I approach three-score-and-ten, I find that my personal interest is more keen than ever in current public affairs. The questions before the Supreme Court are, after all, a summary of the contests and contacts—the vital problems of progress being judiciously thrashed out.

"There is a fascination about being able to sit down and think out problems. The people of today are becoming more and more judicial in their attitude toward public questions."

Justice Brandeis is the first member of the Hebrew race to occupy a seat on the Supreme Bench. He insists that the cloistered chambers of the Supreme Court only enhance this keen interest in those problems of the present and future that are slowly working their way toward the "mills of the Gods."

In looking upon the Supreme Court in session, I have often thought: What would this last bulwark of cool and deliberate thought be if their decisions were subject to review by Congress? Ever since Chief Justice John Marshall's day, the Supreme Court has been subject to attack, but next to the Constitution itself, the august tribunal remains a keystone in the structure of the republic.



Here's a Fine Outdoor Sport for Red-blooded Men Who Like Thrills

DOWN in Miami, Florida, there lives a young man who makes a sport of an unusual business—or a business of an unusual sport—which ever the interested spectator of his unusual feats of daring may decide to call it. This young man's name is Henry Coppinger, Jr., better known as "The Alligator Boy," because of the nature of his peculiar industry—catching live alligators for exhibition.

Alligator hunters, both amateur and professional, have been plenty enough in Florida for many years, but no venturesome individual so far as known has ever before hunted the vicious saurian in the manner employed by young Coppinger.

The usual procedure followed by the professional 'gator hunters who kill the reptiles for the sake of the hide, teeth and oil, is to paddle or pole a boat slowly through a swamp on a dark night with a torch mounted at its bow to cast a strong gleam of light over the dark surface of the water.

This gleam, reflected from the unwinking eyes of Mr. 'Gator, floating with only the upper portion of his head exposed, furnishes a fair mark for the hunter's gun. The alligator, if mortally wounded, immediately sinks to the bottom and

the hunter paddles his boat slowly along, looking for another victim.

In a few days the body of the defunct 'gator, distended by putrefying gases, rises to the surface and is towed ashore by the hunter who has been on the outlook for his prey.

The dismembering and skinning of the carcass follow—a matter of strength and skill rather than precise technique, an axe and a big, strong hunting knife being the implements employed in the disagreeable task. Repeated well-delivered blows of the axe serve to separate the head, which is buried in the ground to hasten the decay of the fleshy tissues and loosen the teeth in the sockets of the jaws so that they can be easily removed. As the alligator periodically sheds his teeth, these grow one inside another like a nest of crucibles, so that a new tooth is always pushing its way into the world to take the place of its predecessor—a wise provision of Nature that would have made dentistry an unknown calling if human beings had been granted the same inestimable boon of new teeth for old. As many as two hundred and fifty teeth are sometimes secured from a single large head. These find their way to the souvenir shops in the big winter resorts, being formerly in great demand mounted to dangle from watch chains, after the fashion of elk's teeth, while the white under side of the reptile is stripped of its protective covering to be tanned and made into shoes, travelling bags and purses—the rest of the hide being so thick and tough as to be unworkable. Lastly, the tail is cut off and the fat of which it is mostly composed, is tried out into a thin, clear oil of excellent lubricating properties for small and delicate machinery, being much esteemed also by the colored brother as a sovereign remedy for various distressing maladies.

Having yielded up his teeth, oil and hide to the course of commerce, Mr. 'Gator ceases to be considered of any consequence in the world, and the remainder of his poor denuded body is shoved back into the water to provide a feast for the lurking catfish, gar and turtle, or left lying where the last act in his personal tragedy took place, to be efficiently disposed of by the omnipresent turkey buzzard, the winged scavenger of the swamp.

So much for the utilitarian side of 'gator hunting—a prosaic, smelly and uncleanly form of business disdained by Henry Coppinger, who seeks out the alligator in its most secret haunts, pits his quickness of eye, sureness of hand and strength of body in rough and tumble combat against its savage readiness of tooth and tail, and engages it in a bare-handed struggle for supremacy in its native element.

So far as known, young Coppinger is the only devotee of this unusual form of sport. The amateur hunter from the North gets plenty of thrill from stalking the alligator during the period of its regular afternoon nap on the sunny side of a sand bar and peppering him with steel-jacketed bullets from a high-power rifle, most of



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS of the Supreme Court is the first member of the Hebrew race to occupy a seat upon that bench. Throughout all of his many years of private practice of the law he was closely identified with reform movements

time on the name of Brandeis was identified in some way with many of the movements involving labor laws and freight rates. Serving on the arbitration board in several prominent strikes, he gained a close-up view of the labor thought.

These were whirling and busy days for Brandeis. He lived on sleeping cars and was here, there, and everywhere on the firing line. In the meantime he was writing many articles on public franchise and the wage earner's life, and all ways active in the Zionist movement and Jewish problems.

A small man with spare, thin face, Louis Brandeis has always had a leaning toward the study of legal aspects of reform movements.



HENRY COPPINGER, JR., of Miami, Florida, better known to fame as "The Alligator Boy," seeks the slimy saurians in their secret solitudes and catches 'em alive. As an outdoor sport it has its exciting moments, but we fear it will not become generally popular

which glance harmlessly from his armor-plated back—only an occasional one finding a lodging place in either of its two vulnerable spots, the eye, and a very small space directly back of its fore shoulder.

The professional hunter, aiming only for its shining eyes reflecting the gleam of his torchlight in the darkness of the night, uses a shotgun loaded with heavy buckshot.

But stop and consider that Henry Coppinger captures 'em alive, with his own hands, diving from a canoe to grapple with them under water, drag them struggling and thrashing like forty demons to the surface and thrusting them bodily into his canoe.

As an outdoor sport we know of nothing comparable to this gentle pastime indulged in by young Coppinger, except diving for man-eating sharks in the waters of the South Pacific, armed with a knife with which to stab them to the heart when they turn on their sides to more conveniently seize their expected prey. And even this, we believe, lacks something of the keen thrill of pleasurable excitement that one must experience when grappling with a five-foot 'gator equipped with four powerful legs terminating in prehensile feet, armed with claws like the talons of an eagle, a pair of jaws that a strong man can scarcely pry open with a crowbar once they have clinched upon an object, lined with row upon row of needle-sharp teeth an inch or more in length, and a tail powerful enough to break a man's leg like a pipstem with one blow. Add to this formidable offensive equipment a chain-lightning quickness, absolute imperviousness to any ordinary injury from gun or knife or club, and a perfectly rotten disposition, and you have a faint word picture of the sort of game that "The Alligator Boy" captures alive and kicking with his bare hands.

Despite its novelty and the thrills that undoubtedly attaches to this sport as developed by Henry Coppinger, Jr., we doubt if it ever becomes generally popular among the effete hunters from

the north who visit Florida in the winter months in search of game, or that many natives of the state emulate the daring exploits of "The Alligator Boy" of Miami.



The "Gas Burning" Governor of Nevada Knows Everybody in His State

GOVERNOR JIM—that's what a lot of his constituents call him—is a typical Westerner, a man of the people. Instead of spending the days in a swivel chair in his Carson City office reading reports, Governor Scrugham takes his place behind the wheel of his car and goes and finds out things for himself. Even his political opponents admit that these frequent trips are not for pleasure or to further any political ambition, but are solely in the interests of Nevada and its widely scattered inhabitants.

And so they call him the "gas burning governor." And he does burn up a lot of gas, but he burns it in a good cause.

Many times he has burned up the gas twenty hours at a stretch to investigate some mineral prospect in which he had not a penny of financial interest. Never has he been known to turn down a prospector with the excuse that he did not have time to go and see his prospect. Many times has he traveled long distances from his office in Carson City to some remote part of the state to satisfy himself as to the value of some reported strike; he has gone into the depths of Forty Mile canyon, where not a drop of water can be found in an area as large as the state of Rhode Island, at the request of some prospector whose only wealth consisted of a pick and shovel and a couple of burros; at another time he went through a blinding blizzard to the far end of Smoky Valley to examine a rich mineral deposit only to find it was too far away from transportation to be available at this time.

It was the Governor's gas burning personal visits and strenuous efforts that harmonized conflicting interests that in another year will give Nevada both a summer and a winter highway to the Coast. It is generally conceded that it was Governor Scrugham who first sensed the importance of building Boulder Canyon Dam, and it was due to his dynamic energy, backed by an accurate knowledge of the situation, that brought about the meeting between the six most interested states which resulted in a tentative plan upon which all were agreed.

Water is one of the Governor's pet hobbies; no one knows better than he how vital water is to the development of the state; no one has done more to advance this important resource. When the ranchers of the Lahontan Valley, in the heart of the Truckee-Carson irrigation district, were threatened with a serious water famine it was Governor Scrugham who suggested the tapping of Lake Tahoe.

Nevada, sixth in area, is a state of long distances and great open spaces, but no distance is too great for Jim Scrugham when some desert rat prospector or rancher, struggling with some water problem, calls upon him for his expert advice. And the advice of Jim Scrugham, practical engineer that he is, is worth something to those who get it, and he gives it freely; he does not play to the grandstand, but takes his job seriously.

Captain Le Baron, the explorer, who recently made a trip with Governor Scrugham to examine some ancient rock writings near the famous Lehman caves, made special comment in his report

upon the fact that the Governor "seemed to be as well acquainted with the Nevada State as a farmer would be with his farm," and that he never came to a ranch where he did not personally know the entire family, even down to the little tots five and six years of age, calling them all, in his cheery, bluff way, Nellie, Ruth, Mary, Jimmy, Willie or whatever their names might be.

Nevada has only about seventy thousand inhabitants, and it is not stretching the truth to say that Jim Scrugham knows them all. "Hello, Jim, when did you hit town?" is the way he is usually greeted by the rough-garbed miner or the president of the bank.

Illustrating this spirit of good fellowship that so generally prevails in this so-called desert land, the story is told of a traveling salesman, representing a large San Francisco manufacturing concern, with headquarters in Reno, who refused an offer of an official position with his company on the Coast with an attractive advance in salary. Pressed for a reason, he said: "I like to live in Nevada, where I know everybody and



GOVERNOR "JIM" SCRUGHAM of Nevada knows everybody in his state by their first name, and everybody calls him "Jim." He's about the hardest working governor in the whole United States and looks personally after interest of his constituents

everybody knows me. Where is there another state," he asked, "where I can meet the Governor of the state and have him call me by first name?"

Governor Jim's popularity is a mystery to some. "How does he do it?" is an oft-heard query. Some say it is because he is always on the job, in season and out, boosting for Nevada and the interests of every man, woman and child, white, black or red, within its borders. The *Tonopah Daily Times*, in a recent editorial, probably gave the best reason why this man of

tireless energy is so close to the hearts of his people. Says the *Times*' scribe: "Jim Scrugham gets results, and it should be conceded that gas burning is better than gossiping about trivialities of life as seen from the windows of the executive office."—E. N. RICHARDSON.



Many a Tender Heart Beats True Beneath a Bald and Shining Head

IN these days of bobbed hair agitation it is a relief to know that bald-headed men are in the same situation. Some have insisted that women began to bob their hair with the wish to grow bald and attain all the ideals of masculinity.

Now comes the Bald-Head Club. When on a trip across the continent I met Mr. Irville A. May, president of the Bald-Head Club of which John Rodemeyer, the sage of Connecticut journalists, has the distinction of being the founder and guiding genius. They have a regular constitution and by-laws and have branch clubs all over the country. Strange to say, it is a really serious undertaking and reveals an affinity between bald-headed men. They have conventions, and do not smile when one refers to the audience if they are likened unto a field of billiard balls. Mr. May proved to be an attentive administrator. He guided the organization through many hair-breadth escapades. Hanging on by the eyebrows is no joke with bald-headed men. You know what happened to the



IRVILLE A. MAY, Past President of the Bald-Head Club of America, looks upon the world with a glad and appreciative eye. And by the way—did it ever strike you that most bald-headed men are pretty good scouts?

boys in the good book when they chided Elijah on his bald head—the bears ate them up.

The bald-headed man is naturally against hirsute adornment. He insists that the bobbed-hair movement is only a step marking forward progress, for, said Mr. May:

"You know in the old days men wore long hair as well as women, but now the men wear short hair, and the women have followed suit, no matter if criminals were identified by bobbed hair or barbarians. The Egyptian hair cut brings out the angular form of Cleopatra with her bracelets of a serpent not out of significance, for it is said that the serpent played a figure in the Garden of Eden. Luther Burbank has evolved the thornless cactus, so why not have hairless men?"

The Bald-Head Club have annual banquets, held mostly in Connecticut, when golden nutmegs prevail.

It has now been suggested that bald-headed men utilize the waste space on top of their heads by having well-printed signs tattooed on them. When they lift their hats, the ladies can read the signs. There would be no more need of sandwich men.

No less an authority than Ring Lardner comes forward and gives a lecture of the Bald-Head Club of America. The first purpose of the Club was to meet once a year and dine, but now it has become a serious thing—a practical proposition.

"The only thing I object to," said Mr. Lardner, "is that every barber seems to feel that he has the privilege to use every bald head as an experiment station. Now they are offering free hair restorer tonic to the ladies who perch in the barbers' chairs."

Seriously speaking, there is a dignity about bald heads that demands attention, and Irville A. May, the past president of the Bald-Head Club, at the convention was adjudged the jolliest president the Bald-Head Club of America has ever had. As a woman may glory in her hair, so doth the bald-headed man glory in no hair. There you are.

The movement has even resulted in a book being published entitled "The Bald-Headed Man," by Andrew Simpson, who discusses very seriously, profoundly and pathetically the fact that baldness has no connection with old age or its infirmities.



"Peter Pan," the Reflection of Eternal Vision of Childhood

PETER PAN," presented under the supervision of Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City, has *not* come back. The Peter Pan who never grows up and who does not want to know all the solemn worldly things of the world really has never gone away from us, but has always been in our midst.

Peter Pan is a little boy—the reflection of joy and light. It says in the program of the play distributed at the Theatre, "the fourth act shows how 'Hook' captures the little Darlings and the band of lost boys and carries them off to the Pirate ship. But in the darkest moment of terror Peter comes to the rescue, and the band throw the Pirates into the sea."

"Hook," trembling with fear, but really not half so terrible as he sounds and appears, demands of this youth, whom he cannot conquer, "Who are you? What are you?" And Peter replies, "I am Youth, Youth, Youth! I am the sunrise, and the poets singing . . . I am Joy!"

How can terror really injure joy? How can



Paramount Pictures

BETTY BRONSON, as "Peter Pan," the boy who never grows up, makes us all want to stay young along with her and play at being pirates on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York and forget the staid, sedate and dull old grown-up world

anything unlovely ever submerge the inspiration, spontaneity and love of children for long? Does not this childlikeness, and do not these beautiful qualities always come to the rescue?

I suppose it seems rather wrong to see a moral in anything so naive as "Peter Pan," but if Peter is a normal tale that we are always glad to hear again, if no matter how many winters pass without our seeing it, it will always be springtime to us in our hearts when it returns, there must be some eternal message in "Peter Pan."

The children in "Peter Pan" are hungry for the story of "Cinderella." Peter, who has returned to the home of the Darlings to look for his lost shadow, really comes back to hear the end of the fairy story, the beginning of which he had overheard one night as Mrs. Darling was recounting it to her babes at bedtime.

He tells "Wendy" of the boys in the wood—all the little lost boys—who want to know how "Cinderella" ended. Did the Prince find her? Did they live happily ever after?

Oh! he was so glad to hear the Prince did find her, and that they did live happily ever after, and the children in the wood were so anxious for Peter's return to tell them this happy news!

To those children—little lost children in the wood—nothing was so important at the time as the story of "Cinderella!"

Barrie: "Can song or sun enough praise you?"

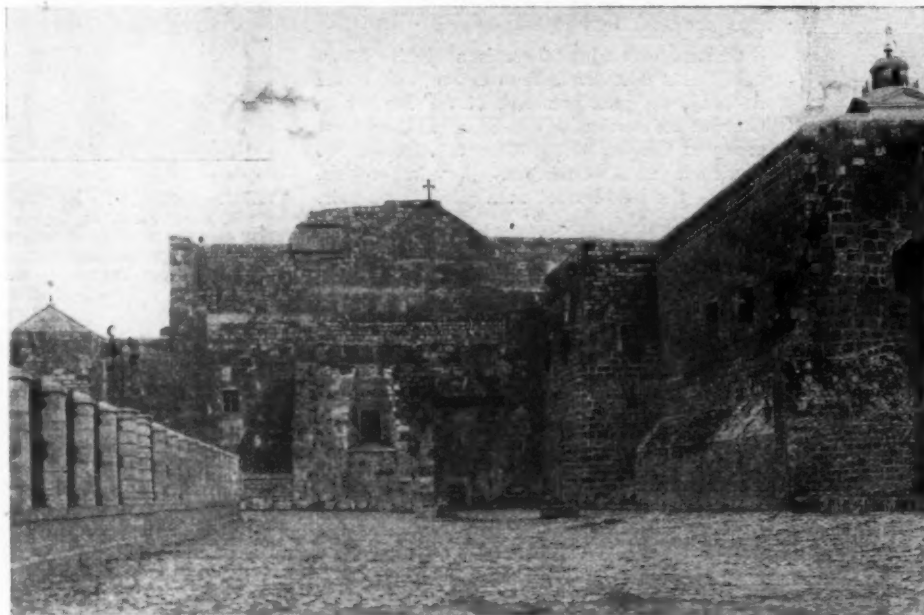
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IT MEANT a two-hundred mile journey to visit Bethlehem on Christmas Day, but the plan had been in mind for weeks, and despite threatening weather for motor travelers, we determined to carry it out. It would have been better to have reached Bethlehem for Christmas Eve, when the important religious services take place, but that was impossible. Night overtook us in Nazareth, and we arrived in Jerusalem, over the smooth rain-beaten British road, for Christmas luncheon at the Allenby, just outside the city gates.

There was a festival atmosphere at the hotel, crowded with British officers and tourists, but we hurried through the meal, intent on the pilgrimage to Bethlehem. It is an easy half-hour's run by car from Jerusalem to the little village where Christ was born; in olden days it was called a "Sabbath day's journey," which your speedometer interprets as nine kilometers or five and a half miles.

We drove in leisurely fashion, for today we were tourists and pilgrims, whereas our previous journeys over this route had been on business bent. The road, cut out of rock, is by no means strikingly beautiful, but it is over rolling country with a view of terraced gardens and silvery groves of olive, and flat-roofed farmhouses planted four-square into the gray rock—a landscape sufficiently picturesque for one whose mood is in tune.



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY in Bethlehem. It occupies the traditional site of the stable where Christ was born. Without doubt, it is the oldest church in Christendom. The once-impressive entrance has long since gone, leaving the outer walls bare, but the interior is still gorgeous

It had rained during the morning and the day was damp and misty. Peasants were ploughing in the fields, for the rainy season had been unusually late. The rain generally begins in Palestine about the first of December, and the earth, parched and baked by months of summer heat,

quickly softens, inviting the ploughman to begin his homely task. There are two distinct rainy seasons in Palestine every winter; the Bible calls them the "former rains" and the "latter rains." Today's Christmas drizzle was an early stage of the "former rains."

Our old favorite Christmas carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," suggests stillness and beauty as the features of the Judean landscape, but Phillips Brooks was using his poetic license when he wrote those lines. Palestine in winter is a land of cold and desolation. The weather is as harsh and penetrating as that of a London suburb, and the people are ill prepared to meet it. Their clothing, viewed through the eye of a Westerner, is thin and drafty. The flat-roofed houses are not built for comfort. The peasants have no fire at home except a sullen "mongol," which is merely a brass pan containing a few embers of charcoal. Their only protection against biting cold and frequent storms is this inadequate fire and their long shepherd's cloaks of homespun.

But the traveler, snug inside his fleece-lined Burberry, is prepared for any weather. Today at least, neither wind nor rain can blunt the realization that here at Christmas time we are in the very atmosphere and surroundings, unchanged through the centuries, which were the origin and beginning of Christmas. Here is the heart and soul of Bible Land. Along this five-mile road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem there are more than a score of scenes which are familiar to the whole world through the paintings of Tissot, whose merit lay rather in the fidelity with which he reproduced the scenery than in any quality of religious inspiration.

Half-way to Bethlehem we came upon a long line of children, in their Sunday clothes, marching down the road. They were Armenian boys and

girls from one of the great American orphanages in Jerusalem, bound on a Christmas day visit to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. The five-mile hike had no terrors for them; theirs was a real holiday pilgrimage, and as they marched they sang carols strangely familiar, although

In Bethlehem on

by Dexter

Christmas Day

Morris

they did not use English words. It was interesting to see here in far-away Palestine, the American influence at work—Armenian children celebrating Christmas on the Western day and singing hymns of Western origin. Thus, here and there in the Old World we find the spirit of the New World at work, promising to leaven the whole lump.

Each of the marching children had a little bag of lunch—slung over his shoulder, to be eaten later in true American picnic fashion, at some pleasant spot on those sacred fields where, nineteen centuries ago, the shepherds watched their flocks.

We stopped our car for a few moments at the head of the cavalcade and talked with the native teacher in Arabic. They showed us with pride a wreath of flowers and some gifts which the children were taking to lay on the altar at "Beit-lahm"—gifts strangely reminiscent of an age-old tale of Wise Men who came over this same road long, long ago, bearing gifts to the new-born child in the village manger. In addition to the wreath, the Armenian children had three gifts—a little incense casket of carved wood made in the orphanage workshop where we have often seen old Pastor Schneller—himself

a living image of Santa Claus—presiding over his industrial training schools; a cross of carved ivory, the work of the older boys; and an embroidered altar cloth made by the girls.

Of all the pilgrims whom Bethlehem has received in its long eventful history, surely none has ever been more truly symbolic than these, and probably none more worthy or more in consonance with the spirit of the day. Wards now of America, these children are the sons and daughters of an old world race which has sacrificed its blood and treasure for the religion of Christ. Through them, America today at Bethlehem wins a vicarious blessing and reaps an absentee benediction for what she has done on behalf of the suffering peoples of Bible Lands. Of all the nations of the earth, there is none today which is more truly and surely carrying Christ's message to a still weary world than America through its humanitarian enterprises on these ancient battlefields of races and religions.

Up hill and down dale we pushed on to Bethlehem, halting our car in the picturesque village square, where the road

momentarily expands before it is deflected abruptly from its course by the gaunt wall of the Church of the Nativity. The square was crowded with traffic, almost as on an ordinary week day—camels grunting, donkeys placid beneath their cruel wooden saddles, fat-tailed sheep sprawling along the flag-stones, street venders squatting over baskets of native bread and skins of sour milk, girls selling Christmas pastry, a continuous coming and going of men and boys and women.

Only part of the crowd was in holiday costume. Only half of Bethlehem was celebrating a holiday. December 25th is observed as Christmas only by the followers of the Western churches. The Greeks, who constitute fully a half of the population of Bethlehem, observe Christmas thirteen days later, while the Armenians, of whom there are a few in the town, wait until January 19 for their celebration.

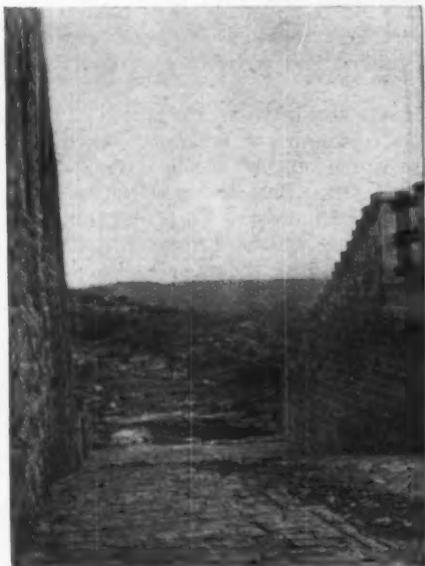


DOORWAY OF NATIVITY CHURCH. The old doorway, indicated by the stone arch, was long ago walled up, leaving only a small opening, so that the worshipper has to stoop to get in. The big doorway was closed for purpose of defense

The women of the Roman church wore today their ancient picturesque attire, with its embroidered waist and tall peaked head-dress of white and green. This is a costume which has been identified with the women of Bethlehem since crusading days. Its most notable feature is the row of coins across the front of the cap, gold "napoleons" or brass imitations, and a throat latch of silver coins. These coins are Madame's dowry, carried from her wedding day, and she is in deep disgrace if she loses even a single one of them. Hence the parable in the New Testament, of the woman who lost one of her ten pieces of silver, of her diligent search for it, and her rejoicing with the neighbors when it was found.

As we drew into the village square, an American motion-picture man was turning the eye of his camera on the barn-like entrance to the church, at the same time arguing noisily with a group of native boys who sought employment as actors and demanded baksheesh first, last, and all the time. It was odd that the cinema photographer did not

seem incongruous in this old-world setting. But the fact is that the Near East is itself such a congeries, such a mixture of nationalities and types and colors, that nothing is incongruous here. Our automobile, for instance, parked



A "STEP STREET" in Bethlehem, with a glimpse beyond of the terraced fields, where shepherds watched their flocks by night. One of the orphanages of Near East Relief is located on this hillside

between a camel and a tall, two-wheeled ox-drawn cart, did not seem an anachronism; it resounded no clashing note. Also the heavy three-legged tripod of the motion-picture outfit was no more inharmonious in the marketplace than the nearby group of Bedouin haggling interminably over the price of a tub of goat's cheese.

On pilgrimage bent, we slipped through the ugly little doorway into the church and at the first altar paid our tribute of devotion in orthodox fashion. The church was crowded with peasants, and it was a matter of some difficulty to reach the staircase leading down into the rock-hewn grotto where tradition says Christ was born. A Franciscan priest offered his services as guide, and conversed in nimble French as he pushed a way to the Grotto.

"We Franciscans have been in charge of the holy places of Palestine for seven hundred years," he explained, "and we have been established here in Bethlehem since the year 1230. The Greek church was admitted to a share in the shrine during the sixteenth century, and the Armenians a few years later. Now each of the three sects has an establishment here, each has a third of the lamps in the Grotto, and certain days are set aside for the special services of each communion. The British still keep a military guard over the Grotto, just as the Turks did, in order to prevent trouble between the sects. But there has been no trouble for years, and the soldiers are today just a sort of survival-in-culture, like the buttons on your coat-sleeves."

The old priest had all the facts and figures of Bethlehem's history at his finger's tips. "This is the oldest church in all Christendom," he remarked, pointing out the worn columns of the central basilica. "These columns were reared by Constantine in the fourth century, and the crumbling mosaics on the walls were executed by one of the greatest of the early Byzantine artists. In this place, on Christmas Day, 1101, Baldwin the Crusader was crowned King of Jerusalem.

"That was a great day in the history of Bethlehem. Its counterpart came in 1918, when Bethlehem again had a Christian ruler, for the first time since 1229.

"Did you know that our Christian governor of 1918 was an American? I find that few Americans have heard of it. He was a Captain Camp, from Ohio. He had joined the British army early in the war, and was an officer in the Intelligence service when the British army entered Palestine. He was posted in Bethlehem as governor of the town for several months, finally relinquishing his post to the district governor when the provincial organization was completed."

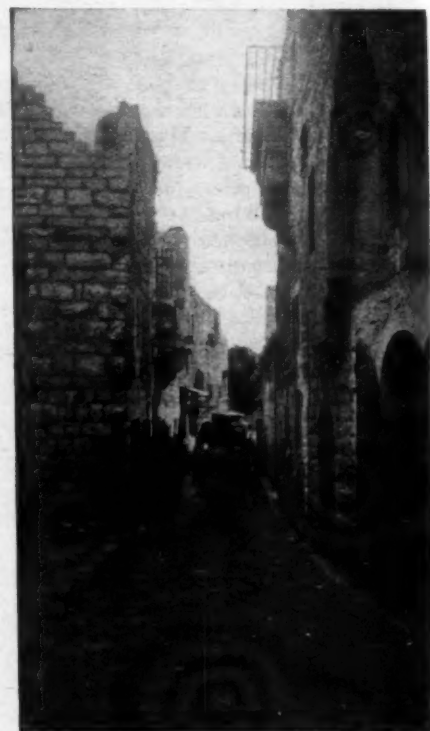
At the bottom of a flight of stone stairs, we came into the Grotto, an irregular-shaped cave about forty feet long and twelve feet wide. The roof, covered with soot from dozens of ancient silver lamps burning olive oil, was perhaps ten feet high. The walls were covered with old hangings, but extreme simplicity was obviously the keynote of this shrine. A slab of white marble, the center of which was a tablet of jasper surrounding a silver star, marked the spot where, according to tradition, Christ was born.

The room was thick with incense, and a continuous stream of devout visitors moved past the central shrine, kneeling to kiss the silver star, which bore no inscription save a simple Latin sentence: "Here Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

On the left side of the Grotto, opposite the Nativity site, a little recess in the wall marked the site of the manger, and the space before it was the place where the Wise Men knelt

when worshipping the Child. The original manger, according to ecclesiastical tradition, was removed to Rome many decades ago; in its place was a block of marble.

We moved with the line of worshippers past the Altar of the Magi and the Tomb of Eusebius, up again to the main church, and thence out into the open air, where a score of peddlers crushed upon us to offer their wares, crucifixes, and beads made from black stone quarried near the Dead Sea, or pearl carvings, whose



BETHLEHEM is a village of narrow streets and quaint old shops, full of the glamor and romance and color of the Near East

(Continued on page 224)

From Immigrant Boy to Judge

An example of the sort of opportunity that America offers to the immigrant—and of the qualities for service that the immigrant brings to the country of his dreams

THE appointment of Joseph Zottoli to an honored place on the bench in Massachusetts is a proof not only of what America offers to the young immigrant boy, but of what the adopted citizen offers in return to the United States. Judge Zottoli is just one of many young immigrants who have come to these shores and have risen to the highest offices within the gift of the nation. His struggles are the struggles of every immigrant, and his success is a symbol of the success of thousands of others. It was through sheer pluck and ability that he reached his present high position in his profession. He grasped those opportunities which are open to every other immigrant lad in the United States.

Joseph Zottoli was but eleven years of age when he followed his parents down the gang-plank of the vessel which had brought them from Italy to Boston. Like his parents, who brought the matter to his attention, he was intelligent and saw the need of an education in this country, where nearly everybody could read and write. He immediately began to attend school and put his whole heart and soul into his schooling.

He was a boy of unusual balance and judgment, and he at once became an object of speculation to his teachers. They watched his educational career with a good deal of interest, and when he had about completed his public school course they believed they had discovered his strong forte and proceeded to map out his future.

Just before graduation one of the teachers who had taken so much interest in him called him aside. "Why don't you study law?" she asked. Joseph Zottoli, however, had made up his mind a long time before. "That is just what I wanted to do," he declared, his black eyes flashing.

After graduation he studied law, together with his sister. He sailed right into his legal education just as he had sailed into his public school work. As usual, he came through with flying colors. He passed the bar and was admitted to the practice of his profession.

Sister and brother then established a law partnership and with surprising rapidity built up a large practice. The enormous practice of the two Zottolis is a testimonial to their ability as lawyers, and to their sympathy and understanding, as friends of their countrymen. They understood the human as well as the legal side of their cases.

Memories of their early struggling days will ever be associated with their office at Pemberton Square. Joe was always the helper and champion of the poor Italian immigrant. He fought hard for him, appealed to the highest authorities, fought bitterly tooth and nail, but never once swerved from his American ideals. He was always doing something for someone. His clients used to feel that in going to him for legal advice they had also his whole-hearted friend-

By MARION G. GODETTE

ship. They thought of him first as Joe Zottoli, the man; then, as the lawyer. But his aid was not given in vain, and when his appointment was announced, it met with an enthusiastic

endorsement from nearly everyone who has come incontact with him.

During his early practice he stumped and made political speeches that carried conviction. Year by year his influence widened until the name of Joseph Zottoli became well-known and honored in Boston.

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JOSEPH ZOTTOLI came to America when eleven years of age—was educated in Boston's public schools—established a law firm with his sister as a partner—and has recently been appointed a judge on the Massachusetts bench

Young Near East Dines with America

Thousands upon thousands of little boys and girls in the orphanages of the Near East sat down solemnly and seriously to dine in spirit with the great American mother for whom they pray and to whom they look for succor

A YEAR ago Near East Relief, which has been responsible for the saving of one million lives in the stricken Near East, instituted Golden Rule Sunday. On Golden Rule Sunday, which was the first Sunday following Thanksgiving Day, everyone was asked to eat an *orphanage* dinner, the same eaten by those little children in the Near East who are fortunate enough to eat any dinner at all. The difference in cost between this orphanage meal—not to exceed four cents per person—and the regular Sunday meal was to be contributed to Near East Relief.

The word was not long in reaching the American workers in the Near East. Immediately they laid plans for reducing their own simple repast to the fare on which the orphans lived, as an expression of their appreciation of what the people of America were doing, and of their own wish to partake in this fellowship of the Golden Rule.

But what was the surprise of the directors at the big orphanage at Corinth, holding 2,000 children, when they were suddenly visited by a delegation of the little orphans. There was tremendous excitement beating under the dignified little exteriors of the spokesmen who came as representatives of the two thousand children citizens. With all their air of importance, their voices shook when they finally made bold to address the powers that sat in simple state in the director's office.

They spoke in their native tongue. But even while the interpreter waited to translate, the directors knew that something serious was afoot. By the time they had finished, there was a portentous hush in the bare, sunlit office.

The interpreter turned with an eager smile:

"The children say, 'Please, they would like to have a Golden Rule Sunday, too.' They have heard the children in America are going to give up their big dinners for the little children in the Near East, and they want to do their part, too."

The directors looked at each other. These children sacrifice for the less fortunate; what could they possibly give up! But the children were quick to explain.

"Our weekly meat dinner on Sunday. We shall have macaroni instead."

"But, your one big meal—" the director started to protest. Then she saw the dark shadow of disappointment that at once came over their little faces.

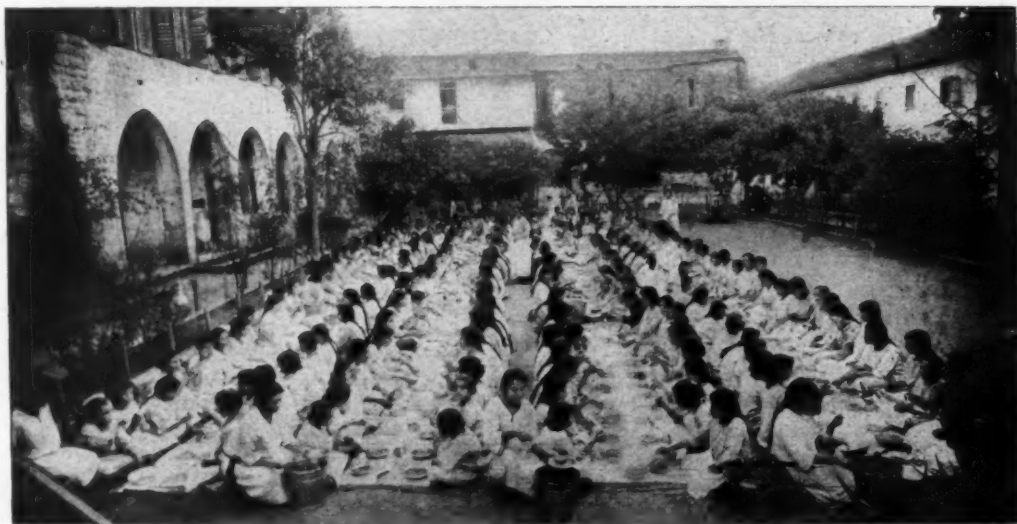
"It is for the little boys and girls in the refugee camps, who have no homes like we have. And, too," the little spokesman hesitated, then, his face flushing red, "we have never eaten a meal

with American children before. When they eat with us, as they will on Golden Rule Sunday, we will eat with them."

It was enough. So while in a hundred thousand homes or more fathers and mothers and children gave up for one meal, the roast chicken

earth. Until nations believe this there will be war and destruction. Golden Rule Sunday and its practical application is education for peace. It is a case of education now or battle-ships later."

So Golden Rule Sunday has been set for



THERE ARE FORTY THOUSAND little fatherless, motherless children in the houses of refuge in the Near East. If YOU knew how eagerly their wan little faces turn towards America—how their wondering eyes send mute, beseeching messages across the seas—YOU could not sleep tonight unless you had taken steps today to do your mite toward their relief

and stuffing, the ice cream and the apple dumpings, two thousand little eager-faced boys and girls in far-away Corinth were joyously giving up their one meal of the week, to join in the celebration of the Golden Rule.

It was from celebrations like this—and there were many in humble homes here in America and many in wealthy homes—that Near East Relief, meeting in Geneva last April, decided on the perpetuation of Golden Rule Sunday.

"It is not merely a question of securing funds for the support of the Near East Orphans," said Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, President of the International Near East Association, "it is a more vital and far-reaching matter than that. It is keeping alive the spirit of brotherhood and of sacrifice, so essential to the life of any people. It is building up a sense of kinship between the fortunate and the unfortunate, between the nations of the West and the nations of the East, that is infinitely important. The simple fact of peoples of twenty nations breaking bread together for a common cause, may do more to bring home the fundamental solidarity of the human race, than volumes of books and thousands of sermons and speeches.

"And until this conception of human brotherhood is brought home to the peoples of the world, and especially the prosperous peoples of the world, there can be no abiding peace upon

December 7th. And every family, high and low, in this broad land of ours is asked to eat an orphanage dinner, expressing their kinship with the little homeless war orphans of the Near East, and with all the suffering in the world. Such an expression must mean far more than any verbal protestations: The willingness to undergo, if only for a day, some of the privations of those who are in distress is an evidence of a keener sympathy than any which entails no sacrifice at all.

But even this temporary sharing one of the privations of the little children of the Near East is rather ironical if it is not followed by some material assistance to these boys and girls who are dependent on charity for their very lives.

Last year those who ate the Golden Rule dinner were asked to send the difference between the cost of that and their regular Sunday meal. But that is, after all, a shabby way of following the Golden Rule. The Golden Rule asks that we "do unto others as we would have them do unto us." For how many is such a gift a measure of the Golden Rule? To the children, perhaps, to some of the many in adversity who partake of the Golden Rule fellowship. But most of us, if we are to make our Golden Rule gifts any more than a mockery, must do a great deal more than that. How much more only we, ourselves,

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To Set Our Sails on the Seven Seas

Edward Clarence Plummer once wrote stirring tales of the sea and ships—and now as a member of the Shipping Board is working to restore America's lost prestige on the ocean

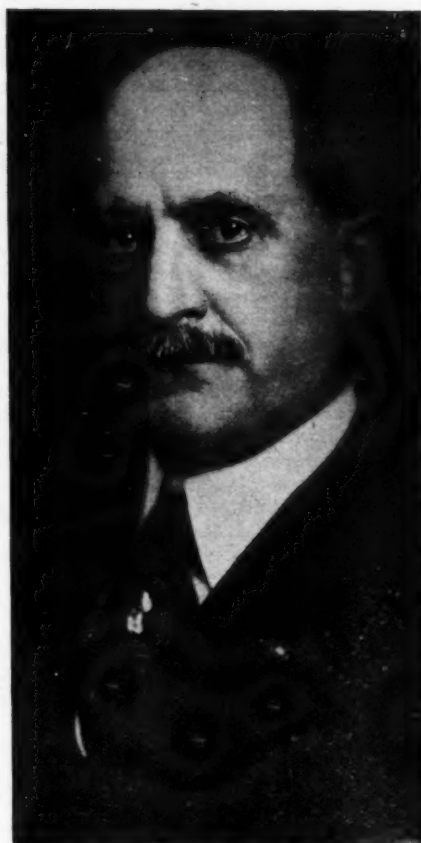
TO Edward Clarence Plummer, member of the United States Shipping Board, the carrying of commerce upon the seas is a romance, and throughout a long career as a journalist he embodied his ideals in story and poetry—much of which, thirty years ago, was reckoned among the country's best. For then he saw service under Charles A. Dana on the New York *Sun* and received Dana's compliments for having produced the "best copy" since Bigelow; and in James Gordon Bennett's New York *Herald* he wrote stories of the sea and of shipping that brought him much praise. As an editor, publisher of his own newspapers, city editor for many years in Maine, and a magazine contributor he ranked among the foremost then, and after years in the practice of law, to which profession he had always directed his thoughts as his avocation in life, he was called to his present high place in the government in 1921, where he has had the opportunity of advancing his theories into policies to bring order and business to one of the greatest aggregation of latent trade possibilities any country ever had left on its hands as one of the retired implements of a mighty war.

It was in support of Grover Cleveland in the Venezuelan question in upholding the Monroe Doctrine against the encroachments of Great Britain that Mr. Plummer did his best writing for Dana, and in that event he gained the lasting knowledge that has helped him in advancing the interests of the United States through the United States Shipping Board into South America. Of the achievements of the Board in this direction Mr. Plummer says, "To South America we have the finest line of passenger and freight ships the countries of Brazil and Argentine ever knew; and the fact that those ships are going full both ways, indicates the volume of business their presence has developed."

AND this is not the only direction in which the Stars and Stripes are flying on American ships to the enthusiasm of Mr. Plummer, for he continues in his talk, "To Europe, to the Mediterranean, even to Constantinople, Shipping Board vessels are now sailing on regular liner schedules, and constantly increasing business there is the result of their presence in these foreign ports. Our presence in these services has compelled foreigners to improve their service from our ports, thus greatly improving transportation facilities for our exporters and importers while securing all flag ships as low rates for our commodities as any foreign competitors could secure."

"Likewise, we have established service to the West Coast of South America."

Edward Clarence Plummer has had a unique career in life to fit him for the work he is engaged in now for the United States government. He was born at Freeport, Maine, November 23, 1863, while the war between the states was at its height; the son of Solomon Hayford and



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EDWARD CLARENCE PLUMMER worked in a ship yard when he was a boy, then he studied law and was for a score of years attorney for the Atlantic Carrier's Association. He is the author of many stories of the sea and ships—and now he is a member of the Shipping Board

Ruth Bucknell (Harding) Plummer. He began work as a boy in the ship yards where he was born, sawing off trunnel pins and cleaning out the shavings and blocks that fell from the workmen's tools. His pay was the fuel that he could glean from this waste and sell from a little yard he established. He made this pay his wages and furnish money to buy his school books and clothing, so that he attended school by this means until he had acquired enough education to teach in the off years to pay his way through Bowdoin College, which he entered in 1883 and graduated from in 1887. From this college he received his A.M. degree in 1890. He married Lillian Gertrude Fisk, of Bangor, Maine, September 3, 1888, and they now live comfortably from the modest fortune which Mr. Plummer acquired in an active lifetime, at the Burlington Hotel in Washington, for Mr. Plummer had retired to private life when he was called to the Shipping Board post of the government.

Mr. Plummer began his newspaper and literary work in 1883 and pursued it until 1896, when he entered upon preparation for the practice of law which he began at Bath in 1898. During this time he wrote many continued stories that brought him considerable notice. Of these his stories of the sea were the most noteworthy. He pictured the Clipper Ship and its prowling on the New England coast. For fourteen years he was city editor of the Bath *Daily Times*, and then became editor and proprietor of a newspaper. When the Spanish-American war broke in 1898, he saw glimpses of becoming a war hero on the sea, and volunteering in the United States Navy he was commissioned an assistant paymaster and placed on duty, but fate was against his becoming a hero. He was sent to the Boston Navy Yard to prepare for duty in the West Indies, but there was long delayed. Finally his ship got orders and put to sea, only to meet a hurricane in the Gulf Stream, and after battling in a disabled state for some time finally put in at League Island where they learned of the surrender of the Spanish armada. When the World War came in 1917, he again attempted to join the colors, but was ruled out because of his fifty-two years of age. Thus his last hope of becoming a war hero was blasted.

Mr. Plummer had not been long in the practice of law in Bath before he was recognized by his fellow citizens by election to the office of Corporation Counsel, which office he held for seven years. During this time he had become prominent in business affairs and served for seventeen years as Secretary of the Bath Chamber of Commerce. He took an interest in the sailing ship, about which some of his stories had been centered, and for twenty-one years was attorney for the Atlantic Carrier's Association and was before the Committee of Congress and virtually drafted the Act of 1892, May 10, to admit to American Registry the ships *New York* and *Paris*, forming the International Navigation Company. These two ships were brand new and under the fostering care of that Act the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* were also added to American registry. This service survived under the Stars and Stripes until 1902, when the late J. Pierpont Morgan acquired the White Star, the Atlantic Transportation Lines and the Leyland Company's ships and formed the International Mercantile Marine Association under the flag of Great Britain, also taking over the four ships of the Inter-National Navigation Company.

Mr. Plummer takes an interest in politics, being a Republican, in the church, being a Congregationalist, and in Secret Orders, being Supreme Representative of the Knights of Pythias. Besides his stories, he wrote "The Ter-Centennial of the City of Bath" in 1907.

Mr. Plummer is an out and out advocate of private ownership of American ships and the payment of a government subsidy for their

operation. For his argument in support of this policy he cites that of the \$30,000,000 appropriated by Congress last year for the Shipping Board for the operation of these ships, \$11,000,000 went to the maintenance of the United States Shipping Board and the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. To acquire commerce for the operation of these ships, he says, it was necessary to pay commissions to shipping agencies in all the parts of the world into which they sent ships to solicit and gather freight and passenger traffic—and then the ships were compelled to steam partly in ballast. That if the ships had been operated by private shipping interests the cost of maintaining the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation would have been done away with and the shipping agencies would have done their bit at the same rate as they have done it anyway, thus saving to the government the \$11,000,000. "The success of the British Merchant Marine," he says, "can be traced from the time it was put into the hands of the British Board of Trade, which corresponds to the United States Shipping Board. This Board of Trade recommends and Parliament enacts what it recommends."

"Our merchant ships never can successfully compete with foreign ships until foreign wages rise to our level of wages," he continued.

"The Roosevelt non-partisan Commission of 1914, after an exhaustive investigation, unanimously agreed that United States ships must have a subsidy to compete with foreign ships. This report called for a 5 per cent per ton a year subsidy, in a difference in duties and railroad rate discrimination." He thinks that the government has sufficiently investigated the matter and experimented to see that the subsidy is necessary, for he says, "Congress went into this matter in 1919, and in 1920 the present act under which we operate recognizes that this subsidy is necessary."

Then again, Mr. Plummer figures that the cost of production of ships in the United States is so much higher than the cost of production in foreign countries, and the cost of labor so much greater, that another reason arises there why the

subsidy is necessary. Then there are delays and hampering methods placed in the way of our shipping abroad that increases the cost, he says. To eliminate the cost as greatly as possible, Mr. Plummer states that the Shipping Board is adopting every known means of cheapening the cost of operation. They are now installing Diesel engines on eighteen ships in which engines the oil is used for direct combustion in double-head cylinders, thus requiring only about one-third the fuel that was required to develop steam power.

THE Board of Claims, the branch of the Shipping Board, to which Mr. Plummer was first assigned, and of which he later became chairman when former Senator George Chamberlain retired, has had an enormous task to perform in bringing order out of the confusion in which the close of the war left this great industry. The Board of Claims was set to the task of adjusting about \$300,000,000 of claims, and has settled them all except a few which are now in the courts. It took hold of the fleet and transformed it from a war instrument to a commerce and passenger carrying agency and has built up a great trade that reaches around the world.

"A government subsidy for our ships should be kept up only until the wages of Europe are forced up to our scale," Mr. Plummer says. He thinks this would be accomplished when the trade routes of our vessels are thoroughly established.

Although a writer of the sea for a lifetime, Mr. Plummer never made a trip on any of the Shipping Board vessels to see how his theories were working until last winter, when he was invited to take a trip with a Congressional junket and his experience and observation on that trip brought improvement to the service. For the United States Merchant Marine he predicts a time when our flag will again fly on every sea the equal of that of any nation of the globe. Of its growth he says, "The years 1923 and 1924 have, however, owing to the greater increase in efficiency of operation and the firm establishment of our vessels as regular liners in foreign trade, enabled American ships to develop and carry more commerce to and from the United States than ever

before in our history. The volume of our foreign trade at the present time approximates one hundred million tons, or twenty million tons more than we had when all nations were in a prosperous condition and international trade should have been at its best. Here is an increase of 25 per cent." And again he says, "The trade developed in South America, West, South and East Africa, Japan and China, and the re-establishment of the trade with British India are the direct results of the firm establishment of our flag on the Ocean Lanes of Commerce."

"We build and maintain highways, not for any direct revenue which such highways are expected to pay into the public treasuries, but for the purpose of facilitating transportation. We maintain our great Coast Guard system at a vast expense to the National Treasury, not with the idea of having it pay dividends into the National Treasury, but for the protection of water-borne commerce. These aids to traffic are recognized as imperative and therefore are created and maintained. Our forefathers realized the necessity of merchant ships under our own flag, as essential to our trade. Experience showed us in the old days that they were right. The experience of other nations engaged in international commerce has emphasized the same truth. We know now that ships under the American flag are absolutely essential to the development of our commercial enterprises; that their presence tends to maintain reasonable rates of transportation between the countries they serve, and that therefore they are a benefit to all the people and are now more than ever needed to insure the continued business prosperity of the United States. It is only to put American ships on a parity with their competitors to recall to the sea service and individually owned merchant fleet that will insure our producers and consumers equal opportunities in all the great marts of the world."

The great government-built and owned fleet of the United States under the control of the United States Shipping Board is now about one-third in active service, and if it lives its allotted life it should have served the government as a momentous experiment in commerce, and this Mr. Plummer believes it will do.

World Advertisers Get Together

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in royal circles, made an anonymous contribution of \$500,000 for the comfort and welfare of the people during that last Jubilee.

Mr. Frank W. Harwood of the American Tobacco Company, the man who helps to make "Lucky Strike," "Pall Mall," "Tuxedo," "Melachrinio" and "Bull Durham" famous, showed that he too believed in brevity—in a few simple words expressing a wealth of feeling and appreciation to Colonel Waldo for giving the dinner in honor of two such famous men as Sir Thomas Lipton and Commissioner Enright.

A recital of the personal achievements by every one in this little group assumed international proportions, and yet it was talked about in a modest, diffident way.

The dinner was given on the anniversary of Armistice Day, and everyone present caught the thrill and exhilaration of those hours when the world passed from the grim darkness of War towards the dawn of Peace. The boys who sleep

in their blankets overseas or in their native land were remembered, and there was a sincerity in the toast given them that night that came right from the heart.

From the sublime to the prosaic the evening passed on with its surprises, mental and oral. As the hours advanced the guests seemed to be drawing closer and closer together, and when Walter Scott, with true Gaelic spirit, called for "Auld Acquaintance Ne'er Forgot," it was sung with the fervor of new friendships—for we cannot have "Auld Acquaintance" without new acquaintance; and this was a recruiting night of friends, where the flowers of friendliness bloomed with the beauty and fragrance of happy memories. In a few brief hours life-long friends were made in the unfolding of a reality, man to man, which furnished a new appraisal of the sincerity of human kind. Each one seemed to have discovered, through others, new possibilities within themselves, a latent idealism which has ever been the harbinger of hope. It was one occasion where men unreservedly interpreted their own lives and bared their very souls in the sanctity of glorious newborn friendships.

Young Near East Dines with America

Continued from page 220

can know. Measure yourself by the Golden Rule and your gift as well, and many hearts will be the happier and many lives the brighter.

Do they need these gifts of ours over there in the Near East? Have we done enough?

There are forty thousand big-eyed boys and girls to give the answer to that. Forty thousand little motherless children who call America Mother—forty thousand homeless little ones who claim the shelter of Near East Relief as Home. There is no other home for them.

And these children believe that you will keep up your gifts to them until they are able to look after themselves. They believe it as confidently as your children believe that you will not turn them out in the cold of a winter day. Their confidence is one of the most beautiful tributes that could be paid the generosity and altruism of America. If we break faith with it, we do ourselves and the future peace and happiness of the world great damage.

Leader of the Old Guard

Where the fray is thickest, where men of courage and steadfast convictions stand in the forefront of the battle for the right—there always can be found the Senior Senator from Indiana

WITH shifting sands and changing events in American politics crowding thick on the heels of departing days, throwing up new figures and relegating familiar ones to the discard, there is one figure who stands out in the role of stalwart, who has shown himself worthy of the steel of the most knightly of his time—the Senior United States Senator from Indiana, the Hon. James E. Watson—able successor to the late Benjamin F. Harrison as leader, and eloquent exponent of the great principles of Abraham Lincoln. Had he chosen to place himself in the battle for the nomination for President of the United States, when there was wide call to him, in the late pre-convention campaign for the nomination in his party, he would have met President Coolidge in the final test with the backing of his own and many other States, if the assurances of his friends who besought his entry were to have been taken as competent forecasts of public events. But the Hoosier Senator counseled them to stand by the President for the sake of party harmony, and threw himself into the front as the unswerving supporter of Calvin Coolidge for the nomination and became his most courageous defender on the floor of the Senate when powerful opposition alignment made difficult the consummation of his party's fulfillment of its program of legislation.

Of commanding stature and picturesque manner, Senator Watson has been one of the most effective defenders of his party in the Senate during the past four years, and its outstanding campaign orator on the stump. From the northern peak of New England to the southern border of West Virginia and in the Middle and Far West he waged fierce onslaught on the Democratic and Independent parties. Senator Watson is an effective stump orator as well as an able debater in the Senate. His ideals are expressed in an oration which he delivered on the Life of Abraham Lincoln in Fort Wayne, Indiana, February 11, 1924, as follows:

"I care not how deep the poverty; I care not how fierce the struggle, if love abounds in the home; if greed of knowledge be ingrained in the mind; if thoughts of God and lessons of morality be early impressed upon the soul; if ruggedness of character be developed by contact with the eternal hills; if a sense of freedom be instilled into the being by the very vastness and solitude of nature; if, then, some righteous cause shall touch and thrill the heart and engage the regnant mind and urge the whole man onward to the accomplishment of the sacred task, success and even glory will surely crown the final end."

The career of Hon. James E. Watson has been one marked in American politics. He was born in Winchester, Indiana, November 2, 1864, as the war between the States was on the wane to its final fall. His State was loyal to the Union and had given of its means and manhood to back that cause as but few States had done. His

father, Enos L. Watson, was a prominent lawyer in his town and community, and so the son was early equipped on the road to the bar. He attended the public and high schools of Winchester, graduating from the latter in 1881. He was a student at De Pauw University, 1881-85, during the intermissions of which he worked in the office of his father and studied law. Upon leaving the university he entered vigorously upon the study of law and was admitted to practice in the following year and began his professional career in partnership with his father. He had practiced law in his home town for six years when two events in his life were consummated which changed his career and set him on the road to eminence in public life. In this year, 1892, he married Miss Flora Miller, after he had met defeat in his first aspiration as elector on the Benjamin Harrison ticket in the November election, the election in which Grover Cleveland was swept back into power with an unprecedented victory.



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HON. JAMES E. WATSON, Senior United States Senator from Indiana, is a strong and picturesque figure in American politics. He has been one of the most effective defenders of his party in the Senate during the past four years—and its outstanding campaign orator on the stump

The next year, 1893, Mr. Watson set out to practice law in his own name, moving to Rushville, where he opened an office. His campaign for elector had brought him before the Republicans of Indiana, and in 1895, two years after he began practicing law at Rushville, he found himself in Congress, having been successful in the November contest in 1894. He served this district faithfully, but the district was divided during the term and when time came for reelection he found himself in a new district and strong opposition in the field for the nomination. He was defeated for a renomination and for the average man the term of the fifty-fourth Congress in which he had served would have spelled the end of their political career. But not so with him. His campaign had made him a host of friends, and two years later he was besieged to run. Entering the campaign, he was successful at the polls in November and was re-elected, serving continuously through the fifty-sixth, fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth and sixtieth Congresses (1908-1901) from the sixth Indiana district.

His fame spread throughout the State, and in 1908 he was besieged again by leaders and friends, this time to enter the race for Governor. Yielding to their urging, and announcing his intention to run for the office of the State's chief executive, he withdrew from further contests for Congress. He was defeated for Governor by Thomas R. Marshall, but was not discouraged. In the following national campaign Marshall became the vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic party and was elected. Benjamin F. Shively, powerful Democratic Senator, long sufferer from a fatal malady, died, and Thomas S. Taggart was appointed by Governor Samuel L. Ralston to fill the vacancy until an election could be had. Taggart, powerful in his party—having been thought invincible as mayor and leader in Indianapolis, and later as national chairman—was nominated by his party for election to the unexpired term. The Republicans, if they were to win, were called upon to put up their strongest man in the State for the office. They nominated James E. Watson, defeated for Governor, and in the climax of a picturesque campaign Watson was victor. He was renominated in 1920 and easily won at the polls.

During the 1920 campaign Senator Watson took his place as a national leader. He was chairman of the Platform Committee of the national Republican convention which nominated Warren G. Harding, one of his most intimate party associates, for President. Thus he was responsible for the party pronouncements on which the campaign was waged and became the party's chief spokesman in the Senate when the new administration came into power the next March 4. He was heard with much interest when he spoke on big issues or policies of the administration, for it was conceded that he

voiced the views of the President to a more or less extent of authority. He had been a pronounced opponent of the Wilson League of Nations and the Simmons-Underwood Tariff law. His course in the Senate is outlined on a folder which his campaign manager circulated in his behalf as follows: "Watson is for Peace at home and abroad. Therefore, he fought bravely against those Treaty commitments that would involve your country in European wars. He voted to recall your soldiers from Russia; he believes in Americanism—not Internationalism; he piloted the Woman's Suffrage Bill safely through the Senate; he helped to frame the great Railroad Bill; he has, throughout his career, stood for an American protective tariff. He put through the Senate Finance Committee the Dye Bill which protects the growing American dye industry that sprang up during the war. He voted for the Minimum Wage Law, the Civil Service Retirement Law and the law to rehabilitate persons injured in industrial pursuits. He is the only Republican from Indiana since the days of Oliver P. Morton, who is a member of the Senate Committee on Finance, the most powerful committee in Congress."

On numerous occasions during the last two sessions of Congress Senator Watson has electrified the galleries and interested his colleagues in his defense of the Republican party and the principles which it espouses. There is always a packed gallery when it has been announced beforehand that he is to speak. His rise to prominence in the Senate is of the same character that has marked his course in his State to leadership. He rose by sheer ability and no preferment because of party preferment and sectionalism. He did not advance over the skeletons of crushed party rivals. He condemned all factional jealousies and probes which were calcu-

lated to vent the spleen of some who were not in sympathy with the party leadership and policies. His beliefs were set forth in a letter which he wrote to one of his former editor critics who lately turned to his support in Indiana, Col. Russell M. Seeds, of the Indianapolis *Star*.

"I very modestly plead guilty," he wrote, "to the charge you make against me for, whatever my other shortcomings, I have the old-fashioned ideas of honesty and have maintained my honor in its many trials, tribulations and temptations. Perhaps I ought not to say temptations, for in very truth any suggestion of thrift or profit in connection with legislation or government affairs has never even tempted me."

And so it is that the life of Senator James E. Watson is above reproach. He is devoutly religious. When at his Indiana home he teaches his big Sunday-school class where he has taught it for a quarter of a century. He has served as state secretary of the Epworth League, of the Methodist Church, and has taken a prominent part in the church councils as a layman, in his Conference since he was a boy, for he was first taught at the knee of a Christian mother who has been the object of his most tender solicitude during his career.

Senator Watson was being urged to enter the recent pre-convention campaign for the Republican nomination for President. When answering one of his boosters, he wrote:

"Permit me to suggest that your statement that I am against the Coolidge policies is scarcely in keeping with the facts. It is true that I voted for the Bonus, but in so doing I simply kept the pledge made by Harding, by the Republican platform of 1920; by my vote in the Senate the first time it was presented; by the explicit declaration in favor of Federal Adjusted Compensation in the Republican platform of 1922, and by

an undeviating and consistent course on this subject from first to last.

"I helped formulate the tax bill and embodied the Mellon idea in it." Senator Watson's courage is characteristically set forth in his own words as follows:

"The course of the public man is a zigzag one. I was elected to Congress thirty years ago, and in my long service I have been under public condemnation many times, but I have never been afraid to go back and face my constituents and reason out with them my position, and no one need fear my dreading to do so in the present instance." It was his stand on the bonus he was then speaking of. He has had the opposition of Albert J. Beveridge and survived it; he has had the opposition of John C. Shaffer with his powerful newspapers and came out victorious in his contests with them.

Senator Watson was a staunch supporter of the World War issues and spoke to organizations of laboring men in favor of loyalty to the government until the Stars and Stripes came back triumphantly. His son was in France as an officer—his hopes were wrapped up in that cause.

He has been and still is an implacable foe to government ownership of the railroads and telegraph and telephone lines. He sees in these an army of office holders that would establish paternalism in this country and lead on to erecting a socialistic state on the ruins of the republic. He looks upon this as the outstanding issue in the approaching session of Congress. Senator Watson's name was presented, without his consent, by his friends in the last Republican national convention for the nomination for Vice-President and he received a great ovation, but he refused to allow the nomination to be pressed. If he lives he will surely loom in the next national convention of his party.

Christmas Day in Bethlehem

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manufacture is still the principal occupation of the town.

"Me very good Christian," urged one ragged merchant in broken English, as he kicked a rival trader sharply in the shins. The parable of the money-changers in the Temple comes inevitably to mind as one meets the onslaught of the peddlers of Bethlehem. They all profess their Christianity in loud voices but the brand they practice is tainted and unworthy of the history and traditions of their town.

Bethlehem is an unusual village in Palestine, because its population is almost entirely Christian. It has had comparatively few Mohammedans since the day, ninety years ago, when the Moslem quarter was destroyed by a Turkish pasha in revenge for the murder of one of his lieutenants.

The white limestone village is clean, but commonplace. The little gray-walled shops are uninteresting, being devoted chiefly to the sale of trinkets and abominable picture post-cards of obvious German origin. There is a little flat-roofed cafe, just a few steps down from the church, where excellent Turkish coffee is served, better coffee than can be obtained in any of the multitudinous shops of Jerusalem. On ordinary days the coffee is served with a spoonful of jam or marmalade, but on Christmas Day there is a special delicacy, a honeyed pastry called bouclauwa.

On the hills outside the village are some picturesque farms and one or two interesting schools and convents. Here also the Americans have a small orphanage where a group of refugee children, saved from Turkish massacre in far-off Anatolia, are learning their lessons in the very shadow of their Master's birthplace. It is to be hoped that these children have at last found an abiding place where they can live and grow in peace. Yet he would be a rash prophet who would venture to say what will be the future of Palestine. This shrine of Bethlehem has seen many strange things; it has itself been the cause of wars and rumors of war. The silver star which marks the birthplace of Christ was stolen one day eighty years ago by a Russian religious fanatic. The French as protectors of the holy places were called upon to restore it, and there ensued the Crimean War, which cost thousands of lives before the star was finally brought back to its place in the Grotto at Bethlehem.

We spent the afternoon wandering over the fields behind the church, those fields made memorable by the adoring shepherds of olden days. The fields have changed little since Christ's time, and they are still the abiding place for shepherds and their flocks. These fields are not unlike the English moors; I could easily have imagined myself on that Christmas Day as tramping across a rugged stretch of Dartmoor or even a deserted

corner of Hampstead Heath on a misty winter's day in far-off England.

On every side, below the terraced gardens of the town, some ridge or spur obstructs the view. No wonder the shepherds were able to see the angels in the sky, for they had nowhere to look but up.

Yet the fields have a rugged beauty all their own, and the clefts and furrows of the rock are filled with a dark, ruddy loam which yields so rich a harvest that the district has always been one of the chosen places of Judea. The name Bethlehem means House of Bread; its old name, Ephrath, meant Place of Fruit. On these same fields Ruth gleaned after the young men, and thus Bethlehem became the background for one of the loveliest pastorals in the world's literature. This ridge of Bethlehem has been an inspiration to many poets; witness the songs of Rachel and Saul, and David and Jeremiah. It has the light air and the inspiring ozone of its altitude, for it is on the very roof of Palestine, more than half a mile above sea-level.

The waning afternoon found us at the Shepherds' Tower, a worthy spot for one's Christmas vesper devotions, where we encountered a comradely group of shepherds and shared with them a gourd of goat's milk. We exchanged opinions for awhile in their dialect, a roughened Arabic reminiscent of the burr of Highland Scotch.

It was dark when we regained our car beside

the Christmas bonfires blazing in the village square, but we stole into the church again for a moment before returning to Jerusalem. The church was now deserted, and its solemnity was emphasized in the darkness as a solitary attendant moved silently about extinguishing a few flickering lights.

We paused for a moment before the Armenian altar. On the sill of the altar lay a little wreath, and near it three other gifts—a casket, a cross of carved ivory, and an altar cloth. They were the humble presents brought that day by the cavalcade of orphans from Jerusalem. Their gifts looked crude and poor beside the ornaments and carvings around them, but to me they seemed rich with a real Christmas spirit—a spirit which one day perhaps will fill again to overflowing these war-scarred and hatred-ridden lands of the ancient East.

Outside in the square we could hear the subdued bustle of the column of children as they reformed their lines for the march back to Jerusalem, under the Syrian stars. They struck up an old Armenian hymn, a solemn chant with a low haunting refrain. We could not catch the words, and would not have understood the meaning if we had heard. But to me the real meaning of those children's voices was the same immortal phrase which that day I had spelled out in ancient Latin in the mosaics of the Grotto: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

All That I Am or Have is Thine, Oh My Country

THE glorious ideals and hopes of youth,
Not to be told in mere words uncouth;
Loves that make real life,
Son, daughters and wife;
Ambition, energy wealth,
The fruits of service—the health
Of purpose which, in spite
Of all that seems so trite
In daily work and play,
Inspires each of us to stay
"In the game."

But my best,
My all, when the great test
Is here, are indeed too small
To offer.

Yet how vital
To the triumph of democracy
Over brute force and autocracy
Is it that you and I do our part
In earnest, unselfishly.

The art
Of patriotism is expressed in sacrifice
Without limit for one's country. No artifice
Of nations, abuse of power, kings or knaves
can
Longer suppress the coming brotherhood
of man!

HERBERT MYRICK.

Wisset Farms,
September, 1917.

From Immigrant Boy to Judge

Continued from page 219

When his appointment was made public, a reception and banquet was given in honor of Judge Zottoli, which was attended by Governor Cox, Governor-elect Fuller, the Attorney-General of the State, Jay R. Benton, and many other distinguished guests. Judge Frederick A. Fosdick recounted some of the trials in which young Zottoli had participated, and the Marquis A. Ferrante di Ruffano, Italian Consul at Boston, spoke for the Italian people of the



The People's Telephone

The telephone knows no favorites. It does the bidding of the country store and of the city bank. It is found in the ranch house kitchen and in the drawing-room of the city mansion. Its wires penetrate the northern forest, stretch across the prairie, are tunneled under city streets.

The telephone knows no favorites. Its service to all the people is of the same high standard—the Bell System standard. Twenty-four hours a day it carries the voices of all. For the benefit of all, the long-distance circuits are kept in tune. Numberless discoveries and improvements devel-

oped by the Bell System have made the telephone more useful for all the people. In America, all can afford the telephone, for Bell System service is the cheapest, as well as the best, in the world.

The telephone knows no favorites. It is not owned in any one locality or by any particular group of men. It is owned by 350,000 stockholders, who represent a cross-section of the thrift of the whole country. The owners of the telephone are those it serves.

In America to-day the 15,000,000 telephones of the Bell System contribute to the security, happiness and efficiency of all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

state. Telegrams of approbation were read from the President, Calvin Coolidge, from the chairman of the Massachusetts Bar Association, and others.

The occasion was really more than a banquet. It was a tribute to the square, persistent, unflinching devotion of the young attorney to his profession and to his clients. He is always courteous and considerate of his opponents, and there is no one either in the profession or outside who has a word to say against him. There is no wonder in the mind of all who know him, that everyone loves Joe Zottoli.

When he was presented with a gold watch by his friends as a memento of the banquet, he was deeply touched and responded in his characteristic frank, open way.

Judge Zottoli is an enthusiastic sportsman and

has spent many of his well-earned holidays with his gun along the shores of Buzzards Bay, where Joe Jefferson and Grover Cleveland hunted in days gone by. On these hunting trips he has formed many lasting friendships. He has a keen sense of humor that brightens up his relations with his fellow-men. He is a splendid shot and never goes home empty-handed.

The friends and associates of the Judge, while heartily confirming his appointment to the Bench, do not by any means consider this anything like his greatest achievement or his highest honor. They consider it simply as the entering wedge—the beginning of a notable career for the persistent, level-headed, and warm-hearted man whose ideas of justice and rugged common sense foreshadows an advancement well merited and deserved.

A New Star on the Musical Horizon

From Ohio comes this little songbird who has charmed great audiences of the Metropolitan Opera Company this season with her voice and personality

THAT Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the greatest grand opera producer, director and manager, must be a quick and keen judge of musical talent, goes without saying.

An actual proof of his great ability in that line has never been more clearly visualized than in his finding and choosing one of the new American artists engaged at the beginning of the season of 1923-24. The advent of the beautiful, petite, and superbly accomplished Louise Hunter, through a four-years' engagement at the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, unquestionably heralds the coming of a new and brilliant star in the musical firmament, to those who have followed the work of that brilliant young artist from the time of her first appearance in Baltimore in May of 1923 in the part of "Manon" through to the end of the Metropolitan season in 1924, including the week of opera in Atlanta and in Cleveland.

Europe and America have in the past produced many remarkable and charming vocal and dramatic artists. Musical history records a few of outstanding ability and of great personal magnetism who have thrilled great audiences to the very limit of their ability.

The Metropolitan Opera Company has on its active list today its Jeritzas, its Eastons, its Aldas, its Matzenauers, its Boris, and many others who are giving grand opera the high place in the musical world that it holds today.

New and as yet unheard-of voices and personalities will appear from time to time, but it always remains for the very few to reach the highest pinnacles of success.

The world records only one Jenny Lind, and her name is indelibly fixed on the minds and hearts not only of the people of her time who were personally thrilled with her sweetness of voice and charmed with her beautiful character, but by those who know her by reputation only.

That exquisitely rare combination of voice, dramatic ability, and personal charm and magnetism occurs all too seldom.

As the great stars of the musical world move rhythmically and with great brilliancy in their acquired orbits, now comes a brilliant and twinkling star on the very edge of the horizon in the person of one Louise Hunter—blessed with extreme youth, striking beauty, most unusual dramatic ability, great poise, splendid mentality, a voice "like silver bells," a most charming personality, and all supported by a beautiful spiritual character of the rarest type. This tiny but dynamic member of the Metropolitan of just one year's standing, gives the greatest possible promise of moving just as steadily, surely and rapidly to the very top of the musical ladder of fame as she has during the six short years just past, five of which were spent in study and preparation, and the last one in actual service at the Metropolitan.

Leaving high school at the age of fifteen, and spending two years in a school of dramatic art

and three years under a private tutor in voice culture in New York and then going directly to the Metropolitan certainly represents extraordinary progress.

Louise Hunter was born in Middletown, Ohio—a typical industrial city in the beautiful Miami Valley, where paper, iron and steel of excep-



LOUISE HUNTER, the newest and most brightly shining star on the horizon of the Operatic World, has beauty and extreme youth as well as brains and a voice like silver bells

tional quality are turned out in great quantities. She is, one might say, the product of an industrial environment of the highest order, for Middletown is known all over the world as "The City with a Soul," and a place where men and women live and work happily and peacefully together, and where unity of effort and co-operation are the rule and not the exception. Miss Hunter was born under the very shadow of a great iron and steel plant, and her most devoted friend and backer is the wife of one of its moving spirits.

She is the grand-daughter of a local municipal judge. Her mother was endowed with both vocal and dramatic ability and a beautiful Christian character.

From such surroundings the finest spirits of the world develop.

Miss Hunter has outstanding abilities of a very versatile and unusual character. She is naturally dramatic, she is magnetic of personality, and as sweet as the sweetest of roses.

Jenny Lind had no peer as to beautiful character and charming voice. Louise Hunter bids fair to become a second and more beautiful Jenny Lind.

Miss Hunter qualifies as the little bluebird of happiness in the operatic field, for her career is marked by a most generous appreciation on the part of the great artists who have taken this little girl under their wings, so to speak. So much has been said of jealousies and back stage disagreements among temperamental artists that it is a real joy to see the enthusiastic interest that everyone is showing in her career.

An interesting story is told of the time when she was granted her audition at the Metropolitan in company with a number of other candidates. The committee hearing her name called asked Mr. Otto Kahn, "Who is this young lady we are about to hear? Where has she sang before, and what is her repertoire?" Mr. Kahn quietly answered that she had never sang anywhere before.

"What—never appeared anywhere?"

"Only at church socials and high school entertainments," replied Mr. Kahn, with a smile.

Miss Hunter sang for them once, twice—three times—four times—while the great Gatti-Casazza buried his face in his hands to more clearly get the beautiful voice that poured over the footlights into the great empty auditorium.

Her engagement was a formality. With a leap she had reached the ranks of the greatest musical organization in the world.

It was the reward of perhaps the most intense four years of study that any individual could possibly accomplish. In this time she not only mastered the English, French, German and Italian languages, but was prepared to sing at least twenty important roles in them.

To Professor Albert Jeanotte, of New York City, belongs the credit of bringing out Miss Hunter's wonderful voice. From the moment he began to train her for grand opera, he realized

Continued on page 230

Real Estate as a Business

Chicago, the banner city of the United States for consistent appreciation of real estate prices based on actual values established by the business needs of this rapidly-growing metropolis of the West

By W. C. JENKINS

IN no metropolitan city of the United States have real estate prices shown greater gains during the past few years than in Chicago. And most remarkable is the fact that there has been no wild inflation—the advance in prices being consistent with the increased value of the property.

There has been no boom, and, generally speaking, no losses by over-sanguine speculators, the gains being the result of a strong demand for lots in order to meet the residential and commercial requirement of the great city.

Thirty years ago, when the city had a population of a million people, the area embraced in the corporate limits was 184 square miles. Today, with over three million people, the city's area is only 201 square miles. Hence, it will be seen that the area gained only seven and one-half per cent during this period, while the population gained over 200 per cent. And this is one of the reasons for the remarkable advance in price of Chicago real estate during recent years.

During an interview with M. E. Ellinwood, President of the Ellinwood Realty Company, one of Chicago's most successful realtors, that gentleman took occasion to predict a great future for the western metropolis. "The city," he said, "is gaining in population at the rate of one hundred thousand a year, and the available building lots within the city limits are constantly growing less. Prices must necessarily advance, especially in view of the fact that we have right at our door great areas occupied by prosperous manufacturing concerns, besides the Calumet District, which furnishes employment for two hundred thousand workers. This district is sometimes characterized as the greatest workshop in the world."

"Within the next decade," continued Mr. Ellinwood, "Chicago will have a population exceeding four million; and if some of the adjacent towns are annexed it is not a rash prediction to state that in 1934 Chicago will be a city of five million people."

THOUSANDS of fortunes have been made in Chicago realty investments during the past ten years. In fact, no commodity has been more dependable for making profits than well-selected acreage and lots in that city. The realty transactions have been stupendous, and with this extraordinary business there have sprung up two classes of realtors, the operator and the broker, both of which are now specialists in their particular fields.

The real estate operator buys and sells property on his own account, and he alone enjoys the profits or suffers the losses. He may specialize as a sub-divider, builder or trader, but in none of his dealings may he have clients, because he is an operator.

The real estate broker negotiates realty transactions for others, and for such services is paid a commission which has previously been agreed

upon, or if no amount has been fixed, then the regular rates adopted by a local board "shall govern."

Mr. Ellinwood stated that his company acts as a broker, and as such refrains from engaging in any of the functions of the operator for the logical reason that if it acted in both capacities it must of necessity be occasionally in competition with its own clients.

There is quite a contrast between the real estate man of today and the citizen who dealt in property a quarter of a century ago. At one time the real estate operator was a drone in the community. He was simply a speculator, buying and selling at a profit, but doing nothing

himself to create increased values. Today the business is regarded as a profession, and the speculative side is unimportant.

Mr. Ellinwood remarked that it would be a physical impossibility for a man to succeed in the real estate business today unless he has foresight and imagination, a reputation for honesty, square dealing and integrity, a complete knowledge of the growth and development of the city and its environs, of the requirements and peculiarities of the people, and of the city's various centers; besides, he must be able to command large capital.

"The real estate operator," he says, "who has won a good reputation for integrity and ability finds no trouble in getting capital, for it is an axiom among capitalists that real estate is the basis of all wealth, and the shrewd buyer seldom makes a mistake. Once an operator or broker gains the reputation of being an expert, there are many people with idle capital who stand ready to back his opinion."

Mr. Ellinwood, who has gained an eminent position in Chicago realty affairs, made his success in just this way, receiving a share of the profit for investing the money of others with less experience in such transactions.

I asked him how the necessary knowledge to become a really successful realtor could be obtained.

His reply was: "By careful study of the conditions as they were and now are in the thickly-populated sections of the city; by watching the shifting business activities of neighborhoods, the increase of populations and the reasons; the increase of wealth and commerce by determining why history repeats itself, and when and where it should repeat itself, and to anticipate and act accordingly; but, most important of all, is to gain a thorough knowledge of the proper methods of financing real estate, and to profit by the mistakes of others."

IT would seem that the successful real estate operator or broker should be a veritable encyclopedia of the business activities of the city, and particularly of that section in which he operates, if he is to be classed as a specialist.

There are important matters that the trained realtor must fully understand—matters that often seem of little consequence to the layman. Mr. Ellinwood gave the following examples:

"A wide street has a greater value than a narrow one in the same neighborhood, since it affords more light and air, and its capacity for handling traffic is larger. Then again, long thoroughfares leading to, and passing through important centers have greater possibilities than a short street, beginning at no particular point and leading to no specific place."

He stated that the bare announcement that it is planned to make 79th Street, Chicago, a thoroughfare to Aurora enhances the value of all property along the street because it is evidently



M. E. ELLINWOOD, President of the Ellinwood Realty Company, and one of the most successful and conservative of Chicago's realtors, predicts that within the next decade that city will have a population exceeding four million people

destined to become an important artery leading from a thrifty section of Illinois into Chicago.

He also remarked that where a wide street intersects a long thoroughfare, the junction is usually important, and the value of real estate at such a point is greater than any other in the vicinity. Each intersection of this kind has its own peculiarities, and here is where the realtor must be a specialist in order to differentiate correctly. To say that the fortunes made in real estate adjacent to prominent intersections in the Wilson Avenue district, after the elevated lines were built to that section, will be duplicated at Niles Center or Calumet City after the lines have been extended is simply a guess. But with the constant growth of Chicago the new developments will naturally follow the extension of transportation and the establishment of new industries. Values of real estate are fundamentally limited to its use and financial returns. A district of homes occupied by mechanics has vacant property of less value than in a section composed of wealthy people, where homes costing \$25,000 and upward are common. A vacant residential lot, to be properly improved, should not have a home costing more than four to six times the value of the lot. To illustrate: A lot worth \$1,200 should be improved with a building costing \$5,000 to \$7,000. If these proportions are not observed, the market value is out of line with the actual value.

"I have always preferred to be conservative," Mr. Ellinwood said, "to underestimate probable increases in values, rather than to overestimate them. If I give a customer my opinion that a certain piece of property will increase in value 25 per cent within a given period, and it actually increases 50 per cent, I am in much better standing with him than if I said it would increase 50 per cent and it only increased 25 per cent.

"I have always looked upon the real estate business as one with a wonderful future for men who conduct it honorably. I have spent the greater part of my life in this line of endeavor, and I have no intention of leaving it. Hence, I can see no other method of building up a permanent business than by treating customers fairly, and watching their interests with zealous care at all times.

"We often do a great deal of work, and give valuable advice to customers, that bring no direct financial returns, but I have found that as a general rule men are appreciative, and they remember these favors when they are seeking another investment."

A GREAT problem to be solved by the realtor today is whether there is an over-production in housing facilities in the various sections of the city or not. In order to reach a logical conclusion he must be in touch with manufacturing conditions, and the domestic and foreign markets for manufactured products of the various districts—and in order to be in possession of this information he should have a personal acquaintance with the manufacturers themselves. If there is a probability of increased demand for the manufactured products, then there will also be an increased demand for labor, and automatically an increased demand for homes. And, conversely, if trade is falling off, and the number of workmen in a given locality is likely to be decreased, then real estate in that community is apt to be a poor investment for some time.

Mr. Ellinwood said that there is no real mystery to the success of those Chicago realtors whose business today runs from a million to ten million dollars annually. In the last analysis it is simply



a combination of ability, the keeping of proper complete records and expert knowledge and integrity. These factors beget confidence, and confidence is the power that moves the world.

Since Mr. Ellinwood started in business twenty years ago in Chicago he and the firms he has controlled have sold approximately \$25,000,000 worth of real estate, and have made mortgage loans aggregating \$10,000,000.

"Suppose," I said, "you describe a real estate transaction from start to finish, as practiced in your office."

"Very well," he said, "I will give you an illustration of the procedure."

"By solicitation on the part of our salesmen, or by the owner's inclination, a piece of property is listed with us for sale. Immediately upon receipt of this listing, which gives full and complete information regarding the property, particularly as to special assessments, encumbrances, prices, and terms of sale, all of which are provided for in our listing sheet, it is then transferred to the sale cards for the use of the salesmen, and to provide an office index of the classes of property we have for sale on a certain street. This information is all checked up in order to prevent errors in the information received.

"We ascertain the needs of the buyers, and then it becomes our duty to submit to them all the property which we have listed, or of which we have information that may fulfill their needs. This sometimes involves a great deal of work.

"When a purchaser finds a property which fulfills his needs, and the price and terms are satisfactory to him, there is then prepared a preliminary contract, which together with the earnest money are deposited in escrow with our office, to be held for the mutual benefit of the parties concerned. Such contract fully and completely sets forth all the details, including the character of the title to be furnished, the amount of cash to be paid, and how the deferred payments are to be made. If it is desired by either the buyer or seller that an attorney be engaged to represent him in the transaction, the time to employ such attorney is before the contract is signed.

"Upon receipt of the contract and the earnest money the work of the sales department is ended, and the whole transaction, together with the original listing card, the tickler or such memoranda as the owner has made, and the sales statement as to the transaction, together with the title papers, or order for same, are all referred to the main office for the attention of the title department.

"The title department reports to the buyer and seller when the title papers are in proper shape to close the deal. If there are any objections they are taken up with the seller at once, so that such objections may be remedied.

"The transaction is now ready for consummation, and all parties in interest are advised to meet together at some convenient time and place. The necessary documents are signed and passed to the respective parties, and the money is paid over to the seller.

"When Torrens Certificates are used it is necessary that all documents be filed in the Registrar's Office and a new certificate issued showing the title as it stands after the completion of the transaction. If, however, a guarantee policy be used, the deeds can be recorded in the Recorder's Office and the policy be issued as shown at time of completion of the transaction.

"Where we are closing the transaction without attorneys representing the parties, it is our practice to have the guarantee policy continued to cover the completion of the transaction so that the final papers, as presented to our client, show a guarantee by the Chicago Title & Trust Company that they have been properly executed, and the title to the property is vested in accordance with the agreement.

"When a preliminary contract is signed and sent to the main office, it is assigned a numerical number in our deal books, and given a ledger sheet carrying the same number for its financial accounts. All papers pertaining to the transaction are placed in an envelope carrying the same number, and all correspondence or other matters are attached to the deal schedule. After the transaction is completed it is again checked over by one of the officers, and sent to a permanent property file. A card is then provided giving the complete description of the property and the nature of the facts connected with it, which are filed by street addresses. Cards are also made showing the name and address of both the buyer and seller. These become a permanent record, and can be referred to instantly at any time. On some occasions we have handled the same property ten different times in connection with sales and loans, and the records pertaining to each transaction are all placed under one file."

The layman has little idea of the scientific manner in which all the details of a real estate transaction are conducted by a well-organized realty firm like Ellinwood & Company. It is service first, last, and all the time. Not only are the records complete regarding each transaction, but valuable information is accumulated concerning adjacent property. This serves as a guidance in establishing values. Clients of such an organization have manifestly some important advantages.

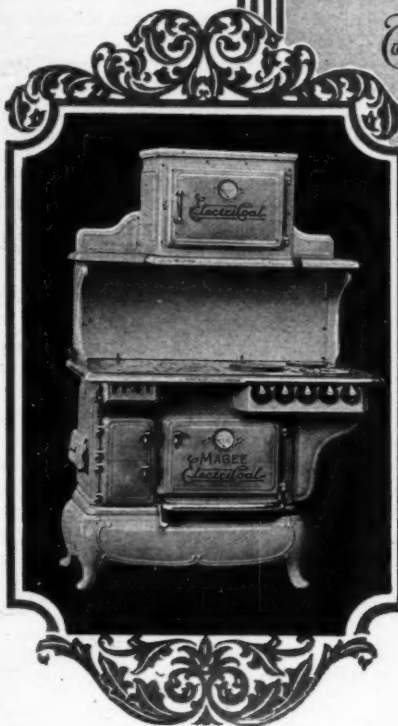
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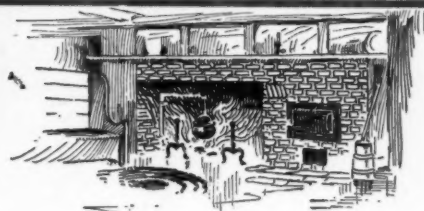
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Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 215

What can ever value the worth of Sir James Barrie to this world at this time? Can you picture a world without Barrie? It is so absolutely certain that his place is definite. To get to the core of children's thinking the way he does! To understand the hearts of mothers the way he does! To even perceive a boyishness and the practicality in fathers the way he does. And to know how nurses are, and Pirates and Injuns!

To even know what a doctor sounds like to a child, and how he appears, and how traditional seems to be the prescription of "beef broth"!

There are truths here that will never die. If you are in need of healing of any kind, of a vision that wants to be normalized and wants to see things as they are, take a peep with Barrie.

Barrie so strongly believes in the home, in the family, in children. How can he have lived all these years without these treasures for himself? Well, Jesus also believed in beautiful and good and normal things for the children of this world—for "the heirs of God"—but where was his home, his family, his progeny?

It seems a strange thing that single-minded people who see so clearly and widely the universal need, must lead in themselves single lives. The artist, the poet, the prophet, the seer, the musician, give to all the world manifold and take from it only that which they can give back.

However, "Peter Pan" at the Knickerbocker Theater, in New York City, is a success, and is a beautiful production. Its players act with intelligence and humor, and any one who finds anything lacking in this play should look within themselves to see what is missing there.

A New Star on the Musical Horizon

Continued from page 226

her talent. It was a triumph for master and pupil working together for the one great hour of success.

During her first year with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Miss Hunter was given many opportunities to display her marvelous voice and histrionic ability, each occasion bringing hosts of new enthusiastic admirers. Her most important role was that of "Musetta" in "La Boheme," which was declared to be the best "Musetta" that has been shown in the memory of the present city. When the Metropolitan Opera Company made its trip to Atlanta, then again to Cleveland, Miss Hunter was a member of the cast that made friends in each of these music-loving centers. During the summer season she sang leading parts with the De Poe Opera Company in Baltimore and Toronto, taking such roles as "Manon" in the Opera "Manon," "Musetta" in "La Boheme," "Marta" in the Opera "Marta," "Gretel" in the Opera "Hansel and Gretel"—winning a most enthusiastic appreciation from public and press at every performance.

With all of her success, Louise Hunter is just the simple, sweet little girl so well-known and beloved in her own home town. At her homecoming from her first season with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the whole city turned out to welcome her, and such a welcome it was—as these friends and neighbors sat and listened and for the first time heard the voice as sweet as silver bells that had won the plaudits of the musical world.

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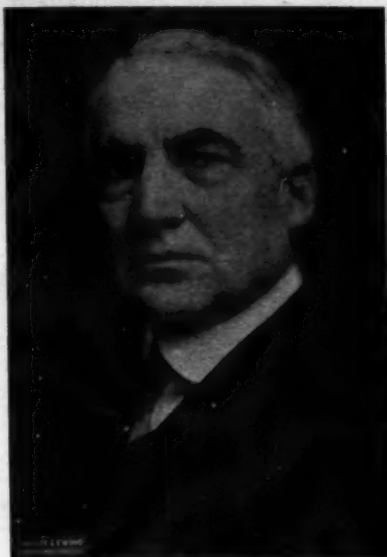
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Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Life and Times of Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President, a volume of nearly four hundred pages, finely printed and copiously illustrated, is off the press. It was a labor of love for the author and will be read with pleasure and profit, not only by those who knew Harding intimately, but thousands who learned to admire and love him for his many fine qualities of mind and heart. The book carries the reader with absorbing interest from Harding's boyhood, his early struggles and rise in the field of journalism, through his public career to the close of that memorable trip to Alaska, when, crushed, as many believe, beneath the burdens of a too-exacting office, he gave up his life. Chapple, Harding's intimate friend, was with the President on that trip and at the end, and he tells the story in a way that shows his heart was in the work.

(From Boston Evening Transcript, July 30, 1924).

OUR AFTER-WAR PRESIDENT

"Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President." By Joe Mitchell Chapple. Chapple Publishing Co.

The book is Mr. Chapple's own story of his trips with President Harding to Panama and Alaska. He seems to have gained an unlimited supply of anecdotes connected with the last forty years of our political history. He, consequently, unrolls the life-story of his hero, assuming that it is

based on the confidences he received while aboard the "Henderson" on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

Mr. Chapple writes in a most unconventional way about all who ever came in touch with Warren Harding, from the grade-school chum, whom he afterward made a village postmaster, to the "sour-dough" mayor-host of Fairbanks, Alaska.

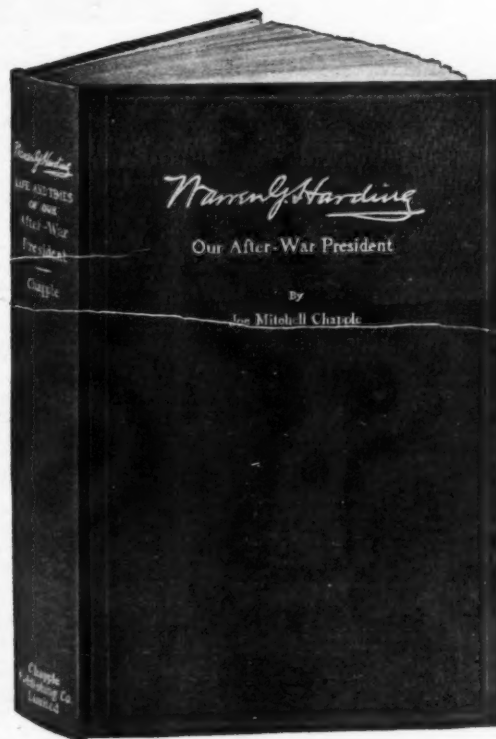
(From Columbus Ohio State Journal)

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

As the people of Ohio read Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book, the "Life and Times of Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President," they will find many familiar stories and much space given to the kindly and lovable qualities of the man. The volume contains nearly 400 pages, but it was not planned as a complete biography and history.

The author confesses it was written as a labor of love, an appreciation of the man—proof of the strong friendship that had been developed over a term of years, and a tribute from one whose heart is big and warm, to whom friendship means very much.

The book appears almost on the first anniversary of the death of the 29th president. It contains more than 100 pages of the important addresses he delivered on the tour to Alaska, and on occasions after he reached the White House, as well as the memorial address delivered by Secretary Hughes before Congress. The volume is illustrated fully.



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Seventy years ago a New England farm boy borrowed eighteen dollars from his father and with the money bought a heifer.

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Evening found him with an empty wagon. His business venture had netted him ten dollars profit.

The heifer was the first of millions of animals that have since been bought, turned into beef and sold, not at the back-doors of a village, but in the markets of the world.

For the boy was Gustavus F. Swift, founder of Swift & Company.

* * *
For his heifer "Stave" Swift paid cash.

To this day Swift & Company still pays cash for the animals it buys. Throughout the year, at convenient places, the farmer is furnished a constant cash market.

Thus a business principle, established by a boy, still obtains, not only with Swift & Company but with the entire meat packing industry.

In other respects, however, the fresh meat business of today offers sharp contrasts with this transaction of seventy years ago. The latter, purely local in character, was typical of the times.

Out of such one-man, one-town business has grown the nation-wide industry of today. Cattle are now bought in practically all parts of the country and the meat sold almost everywhere. And the natural result is nation-wide competition.

The modern large packer is forced to compete in every community, not only with other large packers, but with small packers and local butchers as well.

It is partly due to this wide and sharp competition that people in non-producing regions now pay less for meat grown on distant ranges than they would for meat raised near their homes. And it is partly due to packing house efficiency, which turns every part of an animal into something of commercial value.

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All beckon to you with their own peculiar lure. Wherever it may be, in the following pages you will find valuable information and suggestions regarding how to go and where to stay

Baghdad—the City of Arabian Nights

By THE EDITOR

Mr. Chapple has but lately returned from a fifteen-thousand-mile trip, by steamer, train, air-plane, automobile and camel caravan—visiting fourteen countries and four continents along the way. In this and following articles he tells the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE about his interesting experiences during his stay in the Orient.

LIKE a bolt from the blue came the wave of Fate's baton beginning the overture of the concert of nations—the music to which all humanity may dance. Elder statesmen have long realized that in the Near East there are smoldering possibilities which may burst into a flame of gruesome realities.

When the Egyptian assassins killed Sirdar Lee Oliver Stack, the constructive work accomplished since the signing of the Armistice reached a climactic cross roads. British statecraft, as shown on many previous occasions, is never taken unawares. The promptness with which specific demands were made upon Egypt shows clearly that such a contingency as the assassination of an exalted representative of Britain had been foreseen. The call for reparation was

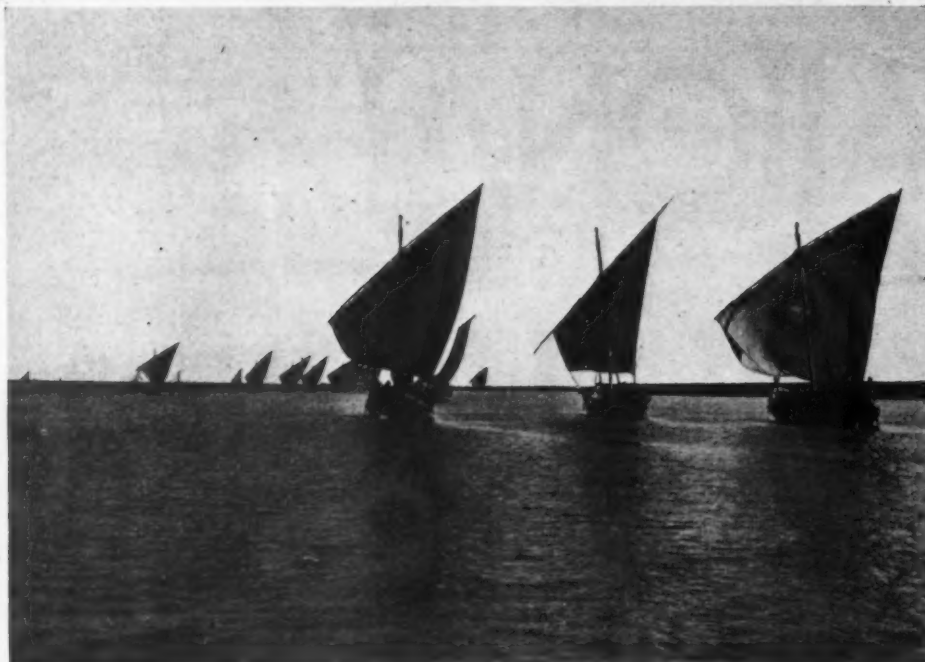
plainly not a matter of sudden impulse resulting from the murder. The whole plan has evidently been held in readiness and brings to the front, at least in my mind, the problem of the Near East and particularly of Iraq, the new name for the old country of Mesopotamia.

The world's peace has been imperilled since the Armistice by five major eruptions in the Levant: Turkey, the Holy Land, Egypt, the Balkans, and India. The geographical as well as the political center of them all is ancient Baghdad, where East is East and West is West—the dead line between Orient and Occident.

Ever brooding is the controversy over the relationship of the Moslem races to their neighbors. This bolt from the blue may react upon the everyday life of every one of us. Those persons who



KOTAH BRIDGE AND RIVER FRONT OF BAGHDAD. Over this bridge of boats across the Tigris we bounced and clattered into the age-old city of tombs and temples, minarets and mud, saints and smells—the draggled, disheveled shell of what was once the metropolis of the ancient world



MAHELAS ON THE TIGRIS RIVER. These slow-moving boats with their tattered triangular sails move sedately over the surface of the sluggish stream, laden with the commerce that has flowed to Baghdad for a matter of ten thousand years

spend their lives in the detached manner of journalists and live close to history in the making are aware of this fact. Practice of their profession enables them to anticipate events from the grim shadows on the horizon.

At the time, I could not explain the urge that sent me to Baghdad. Now I know why I went. The kaleidoscope of time and fate was turning—preparing a new spectacle. In the light of more recent events, I understand why I left my work in the middle of a September afternoon to undertake a fifteen thousand mile journey by steamship, airplane, railroad, camel and automobile across the deserts to get at first hand the atmosphere and catch a glimpse of the rehearsal, the

gathering of the properties, and the general arrangement for the next act in the drama of the world.

The tides and the fortunes of the Roman Empire led on to Baghdad and then receded. Those of routine mind who fancy that all things made by mortal hands endure through Time, should reflect that there is no human work that can prevail against its ravages. Whether it be dwellings built like our family homesteads, or great cities, or civilization itself—"All this shall pass away," said Xerxes, the great Persian king.

To me the present desolate, drab shambles called Baghdad, where bats now infest the ruins of that once fabulously wealthy metropolis, remains a ghastly dream. Here once took place a state funeral in which marched eight hundred thousand men and sixty-five thousand women, to say nothing of the millions of spectators. And right here, to help you visualize the "change and decay" of which the hymnist wrote, remember that not even in our metropolis of New York on Armistice Day did the parade on Fifth Avenue approach in size that throng which marched past the imperial palaces, gorgeous and glorious beyond our imagination, the hanging gardens and parks before which the sky scrapers of New York and Central Park would pale into insignificance.

It is merely a tragedy on a large scale, comparable with that which we must all of us have seen at some time—an abandoned, deserted, crumbling old farm-homestead, once the pride of the community, once the home of happy mortals, but now a refuge for stray tramps and occasional curious beasts of the wilderness.

And now the great question looms! Shall there arise from the gray dust of the lands symbolized in the rise and fall of Baghdad, a vast new empire to seek earth's mastery?

The World War broke out the first of August, 1914. The men in the street jeered at the idea of such a conflict one week before it happened. Even in our schools before that time we were taught to believe that there never could be another great war. We studied war as a relic of a buried past. We have but to read our histories again to find that within the last five years the same old scenes of bloody conflict and conquest, with looting, and massacres, the uprooting of homes and nations have occurred—a specific incident—what befell Smyrna remains current news.

Here I was at the very back door of India, the great juncture point of history, where the slowly settling scent of the powder of the great war may revive the spirit of Ganges Khans and Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls. And above all this swirled the dust of the Moslem horde still pushing on with the Saracenic spirit of religious conquest with which they invaded Europe in centuries past.

The tiny thread which links the United States of America to this international web weaving itself in the Near East was the murder of our representative Imbrie in Persia—a murder not yet fully explained.

In years past, whenever I heard the strains of "The Caliph of Baghdad," I used to wonder whether Baghdad was an emotion, or a historical ghost. At other times it seemed merely an "Arabian Nights" dream. Translated into many tongues, expurgated and unexpurgated, the tales of Baghdad have been read by more people during the centuries past than the Bible.

Retaining a bit of childhood fancies, I found myself sometime ago longing to visit that country "by the rivers of Babylon," of which Baghdad is both a symbol and a fact. When I announced my desire to go and steep myself in the spirit of the East, my friends laughed at me. I laughed at myself. But the impulse was all-powerful. I understood then the Mohammedan pilgrim's yearning to "See Mecca and die!" Though I had not reached the stage where I was willing to part with my spirit, I made casual inquiries of Douglas Fairbanks and Secretary Hughes. Mr. Hughes had heard of Baghdad, but neither one



THE ROOF OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT BAGHDAD. My favorite spot—an oasis of quiet in a city of hubbub, where the ear of the stranger is assailed by a multitude of discordant sounds

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VIEW OF BAGHDAD FROM BAB-AL-MUADHDHAM. Fifty centuries look down upon us from the domes and minarets of this old, old town, whose desolate drab shambles and bat-infested ruins are all that now remain of what, when History was young, were imperial palaces—gorgeous and glorious beyond the wildest dreams of modern imagination

knew much about the City of Caliphs, and they left me to my own devices.

President Coolidge was indulgent. When I broke the news to him, seated placidly at his desk, that I was going to Baghdad, he sat up, took notice, and smiled as he pushed the button which set in motion the machinery to provide me with a passport. He evidently still cherishes his Arabian Nights dreams.

* * *

Baghdad began to loom up as a reality when I again sniffed the green grass after a thrilling dash of thirty hours across the Syrian desert from Damascus, in an automobile going, at times, sixty miles an hour and covering a distance that

requires eighteen days of travel by camel caravan. Through the windshield of a Cadillac, in the glare of an oriental sun, came my first peep at the City of Caliphs.

Jolting and bumping along the "state-made" Iowa mud roads in the Valley of the Euphrates, we crossed another small desert of a hundred miles or so, to the banks of the Tigris. That last fifty miles seemed longer than the first five hundred, and I couldn't find a place to restfully park my legs. It was a bleak, black, barren land. Conquest after conquest in centuries past had laid waste the irrigation system that had nurtured the great fertile fields, which supported the millions and millions of people of the many nations that had come and gone and are now but names in history. It reminded me of the Bad Lands in Dakota at their worst.

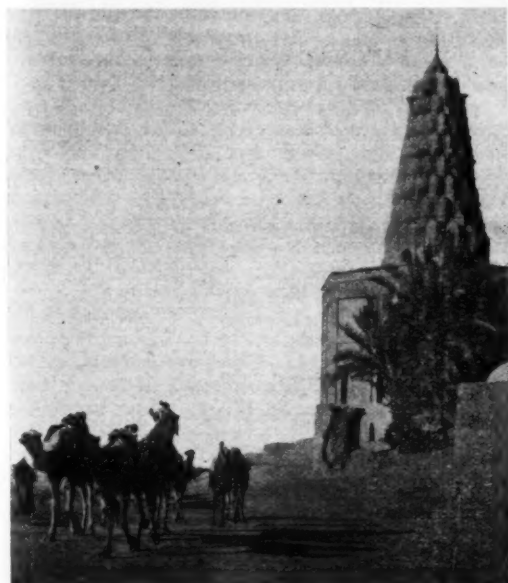
The rivers were sluggish, but dotted here and there by the tattered triangular sails of slowly creeping boats. On the banks were occasional groups of Arabs with their camels and donkeys, all sharing the same dark tents. It all seemed like a living picture out of some ancient book. There were mud craters, mud mountains, and cliffs—evidences of volcanic disturbance. The landscape was unrelieved by the least vestige of verdure. There was no hint of the picturesqueness or color of our American plains and deserts. It was just one drab picture after another.

* * *

The commander of the Cadillac convoy, Jeff Parsons, nudged me while I was taking a cat-nap after the all-night run. As I opened my eyes, I could scarcely realize where I was. Was it the Grand Central? He nudged me again. As he lit a cigarette in the diffident manner of an Irish-English Tommy, he pointed without looking:

"I say," he declared, "we're nearly over! By gad, there's Baghdad over there!"

To the left was a tower buried under layers of mud and sand, marking the site of the very



THE TOMB OF ZUBADIE, wife of Haroun-el-Raschid, the Arab lady who gave to the world the wondrous tales in the "Thousand and One Nights"—the Edna Ferber of the ancient world

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SURVIVING RUINS OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT CTESIPHON ON THE TIGRIS, once the capital of New Persia. This huge arch was built over the enormous hall below, where the magnificent kings of New Persia held their splendid court. The vault is 84 feet across and is the largest masonry arch still standing in Asia. Fighting under the very shadow of these ancient ruins, the British expedition captured Baghdad in 1917

ancient city, the name of which translated means "God-given." Bear in mind that in Mesopotamia "ancient" means thousands of years before Christ. Old as it is, the Baghdad of the Arabian Nights was no older than the sixth or seventh century, when the Moors entered Spain and Mohammed was born. And here we were traveling a road that might have been used six thousand years ago!

In the procession of nations is Persia, Assyria, Chaldea—a host of countries that flourished for centuries and then passed into oblivion. Baghdad was the one cosmopolis—a center of commerce and learning centuries before King Tut was laid to rest in his Egyptian tomb. It has existed through all the upheavals and destructions of fifty centuries. It is a city that has always commanded the attention of the world. It was the ancient New York, Boston, Chicago of the Orient.

Yes, there was Baghdad bathed in the glory of an oriental afternoon sun. As the automobile bounced over a new viaduct bridge, rattling the planks, and shot across the narrow gauge railroad track, with its "look and listen" sign in Arabic, I kept a close watch for some of the palaces shown in the picture books. We plunged right into the old city, with its narrow streets and cobblestones. The descendants of a people who had lived here for fifty centuries stopped and looked at us with as much interest in their eyes as the American boy watching a circus parade. I salaamed—but they only continued to stare and did not return my hailing sign or genial "Hello, Bill!"

Every city has its own peculiar atmosphere. London has its fog; Paris, its mists from the Seine; New York, its scent of the garbage fleet and Fulton Market; Chicago, its packing house flavor; but there is nothing in the world comparable to the aromas of "Araby blest" in Baghdad. The fuel being used in preparing the evening meals, as we arrived, was a combination of

mud and cow manure, and the odors defied the stockyards at their worst.

Fairly bounding over the bridge of boats, across the Tigris, the motor honk-honked as it dove among the crowds. How Jeff ever avoided hitting them was a puzzle to me.

"If you try to dodge 'em, you hit 'em. They think backwards," he explained.

Baghdad, becoming a strategical point during the war, had experienced a real boom. It had been occupied by the British army, and later visited by numerous rich oil prospectors. These people seemed to be expecting showers of gold—and to think I had not seen a gold coin in eight thousand miles! The shops appeared fallen down, decayed—like a mining town in the West gone broke. Galvanized iron roofs—anything at all to provide protection against the sun and rain seemed hastily improvised.

Inside their tiny shops, Jewish merchants sat with legs crossed placidly awaiting customers. Everywhere I looked, the people appeared grim and silent, but not unhappy. The beggar women, with mutilated faces, clasping in their arms babes whose sore eyes were literally covered with flies, were a gruesome sight and a reminder of the ever-present poverty of the Orient. It was all so different from my conception of the land of Ur.

Hotel Maud was to be my home in the land of the Arabian Nights. It was named for General Maud, who commanded the British force which occupied the city during the War. The first sight that greets the eyes of the dusty, thirsty American visitor as he enters the great courtyard of the hotel is a large five-foot sign in English: "American Bar." On the walls are posters proclaiming: "The beer sold here is British beer. It is not foreign beer." They were already feeling the effect of German competition.

At the office there is no wrangling over rooms. Rooms with bath have been unheard of things

in this metropolis of Iraq, but the hotel manager announced that fourteen bath tubs were on the way. He then asked if I was to remain all winter. Following the porter back through the court-yard, I passed through a line of sombre-skirted servants of the hotel. They were dressed in long, flowing robes and black-tasseled red fezes, and left their work to give me the deference due a millionaire from far-off America.

Climbing two long, winding staircases outside the building, which must have been built originally with the idea that it was to be inhabited by a race of prehistoric giants, since the steps are so long and high that it is a marvel to me, with my abbreviated legs, how I ever managed to reach the room at the top which was to be my Baghdad domicile.

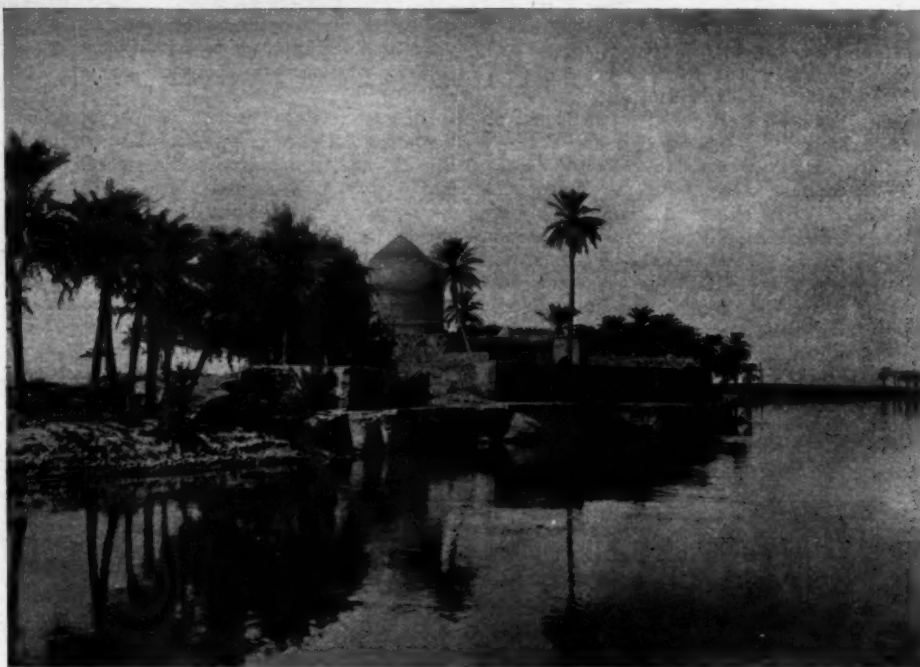
From the high ceiling hung a huge fan five feet in diameter. While the porter was engaged in starting it, I looked about me. The floor was buried in rugs and the walls were hung with them. There were rugs in every nook and corner of the place, which furnished a real touch of cosy welcome. The solemn-visaged porter did not bother to open the windows, although the room was close. Fresh air is usually hot air, and means nothing for breathing purposes on the Tigris.

Outside the prison-like openings in the massive walls, a group of workers were evidently having a good time. Although I couldn't understand a word, I knew that they were telling ancient jokes. Now and again one of them would burst into the fragment of some old Arabian song in the chorus of which his companions joined. Their weird minor monotone brought reminiscences of all the tales of Araby and plunged me deeper than ever in the fascination and mystery of the East.

I washed up. This is a simple statement, but taking a bath and washing up is far from a simple thing in Baghdad. In the first place there is no such thing as running water, and soap never awaits you. What water is brought into the room comes in bottles. After a trip of as many miles as I had covered on my way to the city, it takes many of these bottles to remove the caked-on yellow dust of the deserts. After looking into a small mirror, and once more recognizing myself, I proceeded downstairs in search of something to eat.

Passing through the court-yard where the attendants were preparing the dinner—for in the Orient much of the cooking is done in the open—the mingled aromas of the various native dishes—all a sort of glorified hash—were appetizing. The bottle of soda that was served to me at the bar at which I stopped for a moment on my way to the dining room, aroused the interest of the attendants, as well as the numerous Englishmen present who insisted upon bemoaning the fate of the poor American to whom intoxicating liquor is contraband. There seemed everywhere an absorbing interest in what they termed "the great American experiment."

Dining that evening on the banks of the Tigris beneath the overhanging branches of the trees was a soothing experience. A solemn stillness pervaded the place. We sat in hushed silence and listened to the noises that came up to us from the river. The banks were dotted with tiny round boats made of goat skins. On the bow and stern of the piers of the bridge, natives were preparing for a night's lodging. As we sat quietly gazing at the strange life beneath us, the sultry oriental day slowly drew to a close. Almost before we knew it the sun had gone down and the purple dusk was upon us, bringing with it a somewhat refreshing coolness. Soon the



ON THE BANK OF THE TIGRIS, surrounded by palms, stands the tomb of Ezra the "Scribe" (grandson of Seraiah the High Priest), author of that book of the Bible which bears his name, who went up from Babylon to Jerusalem with the second immigration of exiles during the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, who was an oppressor of the Jews

stars began to fairly flash. With their coming, over the city the tiny electric lights began to blink. Along the narrow, dimly-lighted streets there was a furtive rushing hither and thither of natives hurrying to get their shopping done before the darkness of the night. They sat huddled together in dimly-lighted parks drinking soft drinks. The moon came out in all its Eastern splendor, and with its inexplicable witchery cast a halo of romance over the squalid scenes of Omar's historic rendezvous.

Now I could understand the poetic influence that stirred the ancient Persian scholars. There is something alluring in the tender evening air of Baghdad. I began quoting Omar Khayyam and wondered no longer at the strange poetic speech of the natives.

Although weary, I felt that I must make every minute count and explore its every nook and crevice, to see something of the night life of the capital of Iraq. Imbued with the magic spell of the moonlight, I went out into the streets of the city and made my way through a surging sea of humanity. At the entrance to the bridge I came upon a typical Arab dance hall, where now and then a sheik dropped in for a bit of amusement, expressing his approval by throwing coins at the dancers—the fat ladies being the favorites. Inside were a score of dancers, who were swaying to and fro to the tune of an Arabic jazz band. The musicians seemed to have a faculty for finding all the discords that were ever sounded on the human ear. The orchestra consisted of a modern piano, some sort of a native string instrument constantly thrumming the chromatic scale, and a wheezy clarinet that came in on the odd half-tones. It was hard for me to believe that music, as it is known to the civilized world, had its origin in the East—perhaps in this very country. That day the sheiks were in town and money was flying as if a logging camp in the North woods had just paid off.

Up and down the cobble stones, little carriages with feather dusters handy, drawn by diminutive horses about the size of large jack

rabbits, went their zig-zag way. Now and then an automobile came chugging along, fairly tearing into the masses, scattering the people in all directions. In the shadows the streets seemed teeming with mysterious slinking figures which, for all we knew, were lying in wait for spoil. Thieving and brigandage for centuries was a popular and honored profession—the real crime was in being caught. This is all "explained" in the "Thief" of Fairbanks' fame.

The dimly-lighted vestibule of a motion picture theatre was on our way. The room was nearly deserted and was totally different from American picture palaces. It was filled with great stalls and seemed as silent and grim as a mosque. There was neither music nor light. The native fans were most discriminating. The only expression of appreciation I noticed was when the picture of some animal or bird appeared upon the screen. They were more interested that evening in the picture of a winking owl that flashed across the sheet than in the affinity kiss of the movie star. The almost utter stillness of the place, together with the fatigue of my journey, lulled me to sleep. I awoke a short time later feeling a bit rested, and leaving the picture palace made for the street.

When I emerged upon the narrow pavement, the night was far advanced. The charm of the place had increased, for with the advent of darkness the stars grow brighter and the moon becomes more luminous. For some reason I thought of Ali Baba and his forty thieves, and then I remembered that he had lived in this very country—the enchanted land of a "Thousand and One Nights,"—I felt I was surely enjoying one of them.

My nocturnal rambles through the time-worn city had tired me out and I was very willing to head homeward when my guide suggested rest. Once more we made our way through the ribbon-like passages. We could see the natives taking their rest on the roofs, for in the Orient the inhabitants can get the best measure of comfort at night on the tops of their homes.

A pair of fighting falcons, the game cocks of the country, awoke me rather early. It was cool, and the sky line was as clear as if cut in steel.

Now for the bazaar, where, it is said, trade began. Business in Baghdad is conducted almost entirely by the Jews. We saw them by the hundreds as we passed through the bazaar, with its teeming, steaming masses of shoppers, its little stalls on either side, inside which are displayed shawls, scimiters, trinkets, beads—in fact, all the gaudy apparel of the natives, as well as every sort of queer edible. It is all one great covered circus. There is no particular district for anything—one sees only the characteristic disorder of the East. A foreigner is a God-send to the dealers, and when an American appears upon the horizon the shopkeepers literally tumble all over each other to capture him first. Then the prices immediately go up. There is only one way to trade in the Orient. Offer about

one-fourth of the price asked, and then shake your head. If you make a pretence of going to the door, your bargaining will be even more effective.

Here are retained many of the old traditions. Volunteer guides appear who, with a word of English and a pleading smile, repeat "This is the way to treasures untold." The chief merchants squatted upon the floor, with legs crossed, awaiting the coming of victims. In their shops they use the utmost shrewdness in the conduct of their business—they get the money quick and keep it out of sight. There are no signs on their walls or above their doors—they do not expect a customer to return. Most of their wares are piled at the door. The shops are like tiny caves, dark and uninviting. There are no shop windows. Cash registers, too, are unknown. Nevertheless, these natives know money. The rupee is the money standard, and is part of

a decimal system. It is worth about thirty cents in American money.

Paper money prevails with a small sprinkling of silver, but outside of the pages of the "Arabian Nights," Baghdad's fame for the glitter of gold and jewels has evidently passed. There was not even a gleam of it in all the busy marts of trade. The prices of clothes were quite high, and it made me wonder how the people manage to dress so well, for Iraq is not a country of rags and desolation. There was no indication of hunger or famine.

* * *

Passing on to the outskirts of the town, as far as we could see were fields dotted with flocks of queer Persian sheep. The most conspicuous part of the animals were their big fat tails that are considered most delicious eating. These are the flocks we used to read of in the tales of the "Arabian Nights." They are peculiar to this environment. Many attempts have been made to breed them elsewhere, but the fat tail promptly disappears in other climates under what one of my sheik friends called "physiologic incompatibility." It was a restful sight after the squalid gaudiness of the bazaar. The thousands of brown fleeces, among which now and then appeared an animal of a clear white, and occasionally even the proverbial black sheep, such as Elbert Hubbard sent to John D. Rockefeller as a peace offering, made a pleasing and inspiring pastoral picture of Biblical times.

Here, and beyond, where the sands stretch out endlessly, is the home of the now famous sheiks. These sheiks are rulers of small or large tribes of the desert. These Bedouins maintain the purest

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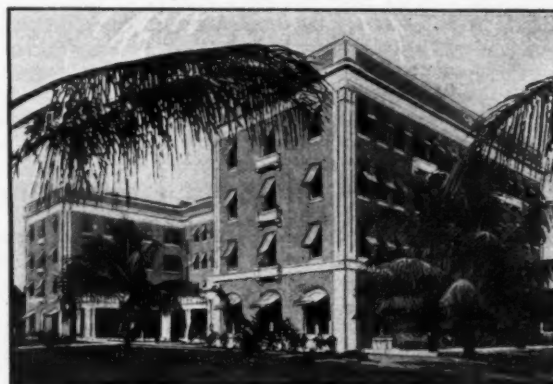
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Arabic inflections. I met many of these strange men during my stay in Baghdad, and for the benefit of those young ladies who are admirers of motion picture sheiks, I wish to say that although occasionally one meets with their "idol" sheik, these occasions are widely spaced. For the most part they are middle-aged, or elderly men. They are very often stout and seem to possess a round and full Falstaffian form. All in all, I hardly think they would cause any heart-aches to the female contingent of movie fans.

In almost every case the sheiks asked me about prohibition. They were even more interested than the Englishmen, for he is even worried about the American drouth—and that's saying much. The Moslems seem to be deeply and sincerely interested in knowing something about the Volstead law, which is to them a cryptogram. Finally, the reason for their interest dawned on me. The Moslems are the original prohibitionists! Liquor is forbidden by their laws under a penalty almost as severe as that of arson. They sought to justify, in the light of Occidental experience, the centuries-old liquor laws of Mohammed.

Again we turned to the city proper. Here the Mosques, of which there are many, drew my attention. I watched the pilgrims as they entered. They took off their shoes and, once inside, fell reverently upon their knees on the rugs. Their bodies swayed to and fro and their heads touched the ground as they chanted the praises of Allah. Think of it—over three hundred and fifty millions, or one-fifth of the population of the world, say their prayers in Arabic!

Arabic is the tongue of the Orient. It has its different dialects and varied inflections, but the Arabic language is essentially the language of the Moslems.

That afternoon there was a race at the Jockey Club. Although the ponies were Arabian, the riders were all English. Some of these jockies had ridden and won the Derby. The English have a way of discovering just what interests the people and what they enjoy and know how to play with kings and queens and race against race in the rivalry of development. It was like a fair-ground in a Western city. The spiels and the Indian fakirs were all shouting out their wares in poetic phrases such as "Come, my sweet, and buy my sweets," that did honor to Omar Khayyam.

Everyone seemed "seriously" happy. Natives and foreigners as well were enjoying themselves to the utmost—when they won their bets.

Many of the sights for which I had been longing I had seen. Now to spend some time in the more pragmatic occupation of discovering the facts and figures concerning the new nation of Iraq. This country is an initial experiment in the creation of new independent governments in the Orient, conforming to modern ideals that will bring the world together into a more friendly family of nations.

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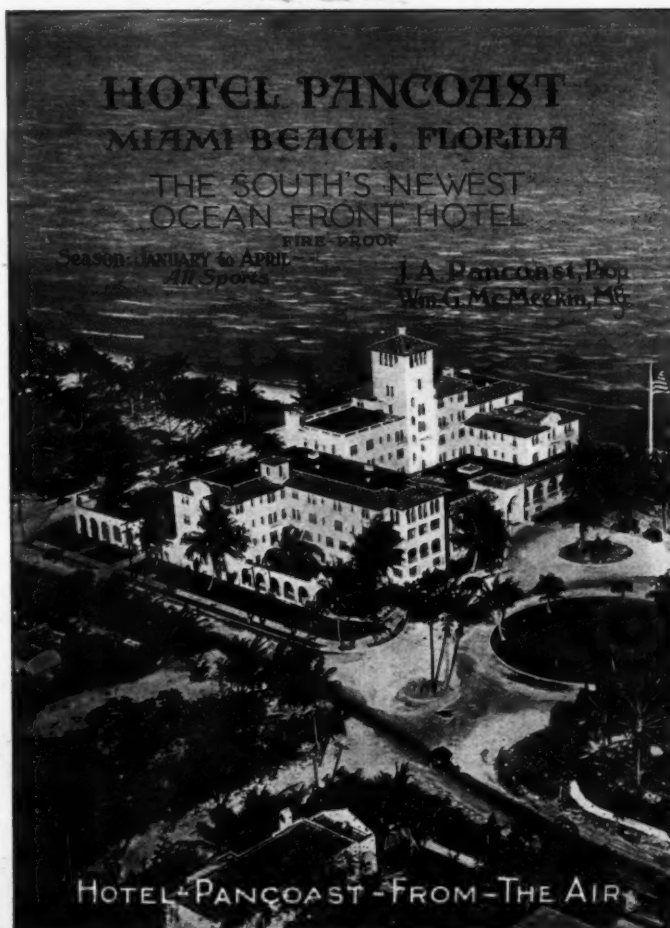
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